Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 212.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 25, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO "BYSTANDER" READERS

A seasonable Yuletide study of Miss Dollie Dombey, now appearing in "The Merry Widow" at Daly's, by Rita Martin

No. 212.—Vol. XVI.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, December 25, 1907

	PAGE
Frontispiece	601
Bystander Comments	603
Wig and Gown	605
The World's Pageant	607
Cairo	617
The Playhouses	620
Continental Chat	623
Pantomime Stars in Town and Out	625
Our Worldly Short Stories: No 109.—"The Celibate." By Hubert Wales	629
By Field, Stream, and Covert	636
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	640
The Library	641
Automobile Topics	646
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	650
The Garden	VIII
A Woman's Note Book	X

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

EMPIRE. LAST NIGHTS OF MLLE. GENÉE in THE BELLE OF THE BALL. MORRIS CRONIN, ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, etc. EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"Aphorisms and Reflections." By T. H. Huxley. (Macmillan: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Ignaz Jan Paderewski." By Edward A. Bauchan. (Lane: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Curse of the Fultons." By Walter E. Grogan. (Everett: 6*s.*)

"Held to Honour" and Other Stories. By Ella Napier Lefroy. (Duseley: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Works of Tennyson." (Annotated Part I.) Edited by Hallam Lord Tennyson. (Macmillan: 4*s.* net.)

The All-Story Magazine. (Munsey: 6*d.*)

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free).

	At Home	Abroad Canada excepted	Canada
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 16 10	£1 10 4
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	18 5	15 2
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 3	7 7

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

When you are in London

You will doubtless be in the vicinity of the Strand. If so, call in at No. 190. You will find there a Permanent Exhibition of Pictures reproduced from Paintings by Old Masters and Celebrated Modern Artists.

These include works by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., Lawrence Turner, Greuze, Morland, Lemuel F. Abbott, Thos. Somerscales, Chas. Dixon, R.I., Tom Browne, R.I., R. J. Hobson, R.I., Philip Boileau, Goodwin Kilburne, R.I., Napier Hemy, A.R.A. R. W. Macbeth, R.A., Balliol Salmon, Sanderson Wells, G. S. Walters, Harold Speed, Frank Dadd, R.I., Lawson Wood, Phillip Stretton, etc.

A Catalogue, containing over 100 Illustrations of these Pictures, will be sent post free on application to the GRAPHIC GALLERY, 190, Strand, London, W.C.

Vol. XVI. Ready Shortly.

A SPLENDID GIFT

The New Volume of THE BYSTANDER, bound in green and stamped cloth, with gold letterings,

Price 10/6

OFFICE: TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday December 25, 1907

It is encouraging to note how a little enterprise may mean a big success. Just a fortnight ago we brought out our Christmas Number, in which we drew attention to this season Now everybody is talking about Christmas as quite the latest thing.

* * *

Politicians in this country are rather apt to be overlooked at Christmas, and, for an observance of the real old-fashioned festive spirit, one has to look further East. From Russia, for example, the Tsar has already despatched several members of the second Duma as Christmas presents to Siberia. Posted thus early, they should form a welcome addition to the outlying stations in that country.

* * *

Mr. Burns's refusal to make a grant from the Unemployed Fund towards the construction of a cycle track at the public recreation ground at Edmonton is likely to make him a good many enemies. It certainly seems hard that the unemployed should be debarred from the harmless pastime of cycling by the ill-judged veto of this reactionary Minister.

* * *

Admiral Evans was a good deal criticised for refusing to allow Japanese servants to accompany the United States' Pacific expedition, but his policy has been justified. Even without putting to sea, many of these Japanese have already, it is reported, been feeling exceedingly sick.

* * *

Political experts in the States consider that President Roosevelt's reiteration of his decision not to stand again for the Presidency was a capital stroke of policy. The more enthusiastic, however, maintain that he ought now to drop talking and see about his nomination.

* * *

How are the mighty fallen! Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson has declared that the New York woman surrounds herself with an atmosphere resembling that of the Turkish harem, and New Yorkers are wondering if the poor Turk has to get permission from all his wives before he dares to smoke his hookah or call his soul his own.

* * *

This is not the only fresh light which has of late been cast upon New York. M. Ular, a prominent French editor, has also informed the ladies of that city that, though they have superb figures, they lack charm and are without vivacity or distinction. This seems to be a case of a compliment spoilt by excessive Ulargy.

* * *

It is interesting to learn that henceforth English is to be made compulsory in the German schools, instead of optional as it used to be. The results should be excellent, for, while Germans rarely talk their own language if they can help it, their English has been so peculiarly optional that anything really approaching an *entente* has been impossible.

* * *

Referring to the Test Match, a contemporary says: "The Australian batsmen were very clever in running between the wickets." "But surely," a correspondent writes us, "this is needlessly high praise for such a natural manœuvre? The Australian batsmen would have been very ill-advised, in my opinion, if they had run in any direction other than that between the wickets." There is certainly something to be said for this view.

* * *

A "break-down" motor race—in which the motors were manipulated beforehand so as to cause breakdowns—was held a few days ago in France. Spectators, we understand, were much amused to find that with proper care these machines could be made to go wrong, and the sight of the competitors lying under their cars must have been a very novel one.

* * *

Parisiennes have solved the difficulty of large hats in theatres by wearing instead tall waving ostrich plumes in their hair. This makes a view of the very French plays which are too often to be seen in Paris well-nigh impossible, and renders the institution of the Censor unnecessary.

Circumstances Alter Cases

MOTORIST (*in witness-box*): "The police swear that the car was going at sixty miles an hour, do they? Why, the old car couldn't touch twenty on her top speed"

MAGISTRATE (*who sold car to defendant*): "What nonsense, man! Why, I've often got fifty out of her with a—h'm—I mean—yes, I'm afraid you must pay £5"

(By J. L. C. BOOTH)

Lessons in Journalese: No. 3

CUSTARD AND MESS.

THE year that has just passed was said to be a particularly bad one for Hatters. Let us wish them a "Nappy New Year!"

* * *

Personally I am not at all looking forward to Christmas Day. I had hoped to keep the festive season as quietly as possible at Opposite-the-Chicks, but unfortunately Mrs. Bonnygirl seems to think that Christmas without indigestible food, and plenty of it, is not Christmas at all, and when a man is advanced in years and troubled with a liv——[Please keep off the grass. —EDITOR.]

* * *

I have been wondering lately why it is that more dentists are not murdered by their patients. The motive is there, and the choice of lethal weapons almost embarrassing. In some cases, too, I should imagine a discriminating jury would bring in a verdict

Of Justifiable Homicide,

on the ground that the patient was merely acting in self-defence. Not that I wish to see a dentist murdered. On the contrary, I have a profound (and deep-rooted, I was going to say) respect for the profession, although as a lover of cricket I naturally hate the idea of "stumps" being "drawn."

* * *

A TOOTHSOME MORSEL.

The Dentist though a man of rare persistence
Can never hope for respite from his labours,
He lives a sort of "hand to mouth" existence,
And shows a Christian love for all his neighbours.

Their empty mouths this good man's always "filling,"
Often with gold he sends them on their way
(Gold which I'm bound to say he's willing
To charge for when the time arrives to pay!)

Once in his chair you have the satisfaction
Of knowing he has got a pedigree,
For if he cannot boast of an "extraction,"
He's really hardly worthy of his fee.

* * *

I am sorry to see that some of our railways are proposing to employ females in the capacity of booking clerks. They will be abolishing the Mail trains next!

HOW TO DO A COLUMN FOR A SUNDAY SPORTING PAPER

SCENE: A RAILWAY STATION.
(AT THE BOOKING OFFICE.)
TIME: 9.15 a.m. Train just due.

Dramatis personæ: City Man, Female Booking Clerk, Impatient Crowd, Porters, Newsboys, etc.

CITY MAN: Good morning, Lottie! How are *you?* Busy this morning?

FAIR BOOKING CLERK: Pretty busy, thank you. Can I show you any tickets to-day? We have some 1st Class ones at 3*d.*, second quality at——

CITY MAN: I say! talking of tickets, can you come to "Rooster's Billions" to-night and have a little supp——

IMPATIENT CROWD: Now then! Why don't you marry the girl? etc., etc.

* * *

I was in a boot shop the other day (more by accident than design), and I saw boots labelled "Quickanphast," "Osocomfi," "Niceaneesi," and all the good old English names. But they were not English boots, but

American with English Names.

The bootmaker told me that English boots are practically not made now, and that it was cheaper to get them from the Yankees. Well, well, there's nothing like leather—at least there was nothing like it in these boots!

* * *

The Suffragettes have threatened to demonstrate at Opposite-the-Chicks, but I do trust they will keep their hair on. For this purpose there is nothing I know of that can beat "Tatc——"—[No, you don't!—EDITOR.]

* * *

TO A SUFFRAGETTE.

Don't lose your hair and do not fret,
Keep cool, my dainty little pet,
And please remember, don't forget,
You haven't got the Suffrage—yet!

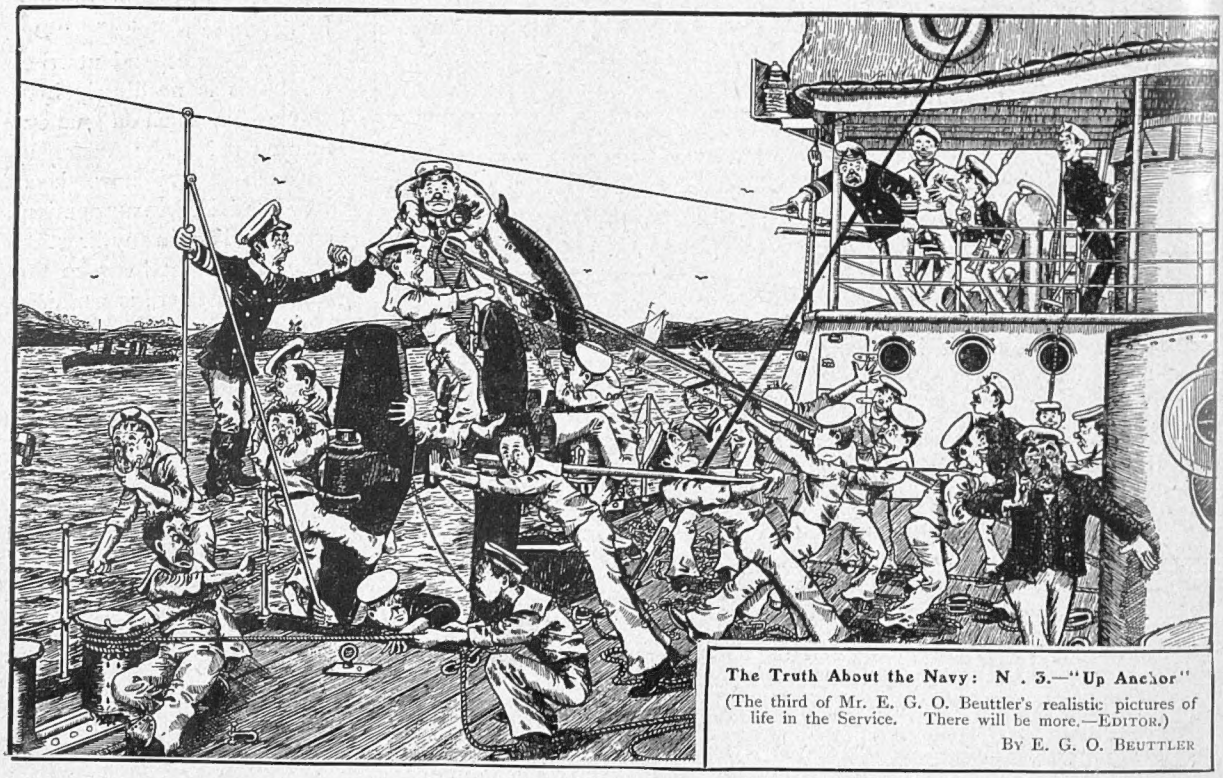
* * *

I hope FLIPPEREADERS will not forget that, although 1907 has gone, the Dinner Fund goes on for ever. If you have any Druce claimant among your friends please remind them of this. Postage stamps and cheques (which should be addressed to Mrs. Deborah Pipchin, at The Laburnums, Clapham Rise) that arrive on Friday will be acknowledged in

Sunday's "Flipperee,"

and donors will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have earned the everlasting gratitude of one who is merely the vehicle of their kindness—and that vehicle, needless to say, is none other than

WAGONETTE.



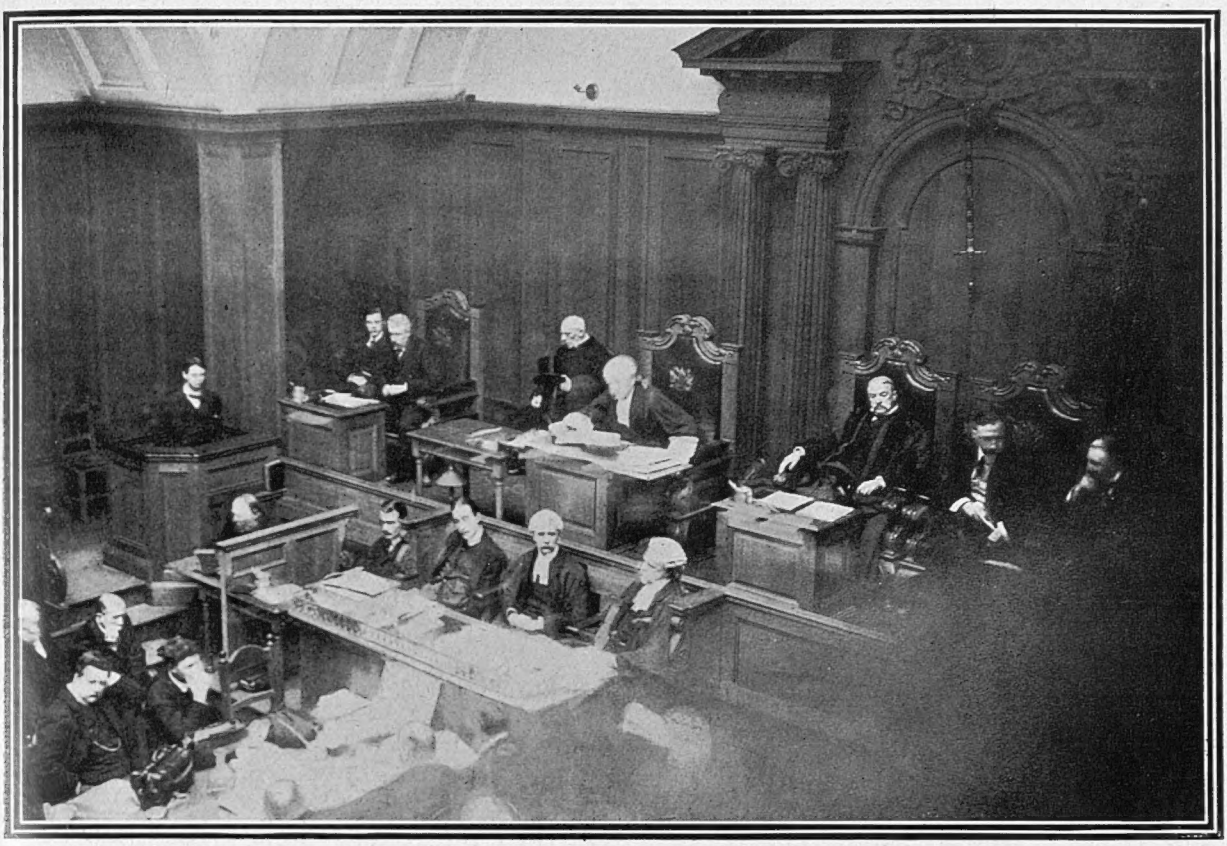
The Truth About the Navy: N. 3.—"Up Anchor"

(The third of Mr. E. G. O. Beuttler's realistic pictures of life in the Service. There will be more.—EDITOR.)

BY E. G. O. BEUTTLER

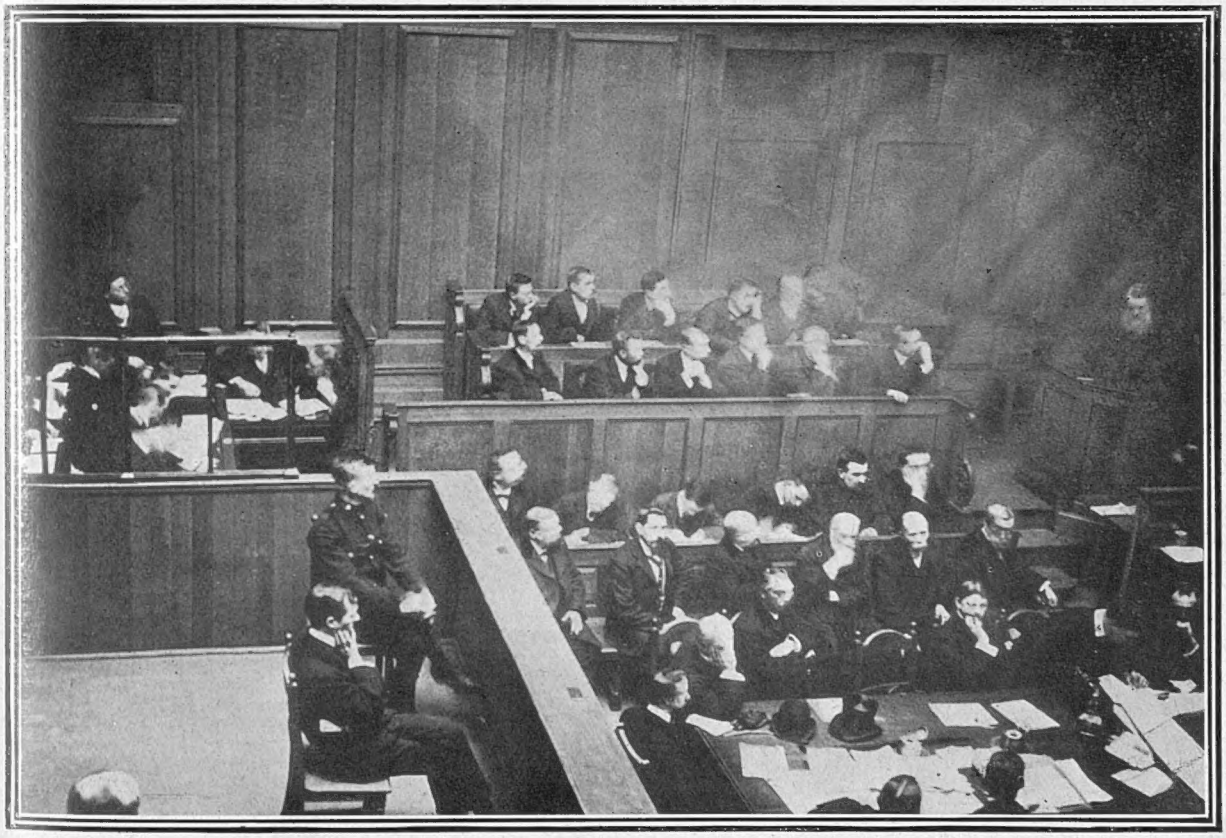
"Not Guilty!"

THE END OF THE GREAT CAMDEN TOWN TRIAL



James Wood, the prisoner's step-brother, gives evidence

In the centre will be seen Mr. Justice Grantham, on whose right hand is seated Sir Frederick Bosanquet, the Common Serjeant



Photos *F. de P. Romani*

The Prisoner listens to his father proving his alibi

The first sensational trial at the New Bailey has resulted in an acquittal. Robert Wood, the young artist, charged with the mu der of Emily Dimmock, was, as nearly everybody expected, successful in rebutting the evidence against him, and the verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned. This was a notable triumph for his brilliant Counsel, Mr. Marshall Hall. The prisoner's demeanour throughout was calm and confident

Antipodean Sport which is not Cricket: The Melbourne Cup

Photo *Topical Agency*

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE LAWNS AT FLEMINGTON ON THE MELBOURNE CUP DAY

Australia—to which all eyes have during the last week been turned in view of the Test Match—has, in the classic race for the Melbourne Cup, a greater event in Antipodean sporting circles than is the Derby with us. No other race in Australia can in any way touch the Melbourne Cup, either from a sporting or a social point of view. Thousands crowd to the meeting, not onl · from all parts of Victoria, but also from every corner of the great Australian continent. All the best-known figures in Australian Society are to be found on the lawns on Cup Day, and except for the almost total absence of silk-hatted males, the scene might be any of our great English meetings

RACING NOTIONS

THE COMING "CLASSICS." BY CARBINE

Is Interest in "Classic" Races Declining?

Do we think less of races like the Derby, Oaks, and Two Thousand Guineas than our grandfathers did? One asks this question because few people seem to care much about the prospects of these events until a few weeks before they are run. Perhaps we have more sporting events in the winter to engage attention than our ancestors had. In the old days the coming "classics" were the subject of everyday discussion in sporting circles. Who now in mid-winter backs a horse to win the ensuing Derby? Who, indeed, would lay the man who wanted to do so a fair price? The whole custom of betting many months before the date of the race has gone, never to return. Time was when a promising two-year-old would quickly have been supported for many thousands for his classic engagements of the succeeding season; but you see very little of that sort of thing nowadays, and backers and "bookies" seem agreed that it is a dangerous game for both to play. What one wonders at most of all is the reluctance of bookmakers to offer reasonable odds about the Derby candidates, for surely the chances are largely in their favour.

The Luck of the Derby

Despite this apparent decline in interest, there is still no event on the Turf which the majority of owners are so keen to win as the Derby; and it is a curious thing that some men expend fortunes on bloodstock without ever realising that ambition, whereas a novice—like the late Sir James Miller was when he won with Sainfoin—will come along and carry off the great prize at the first time of asking. From a comparatively small establishment, a breeder like the late Mr. John Gubbins will turn out two Derby winners in quick succession, whereas Sir Blundell Maple tried for years with an enormous stud to breed a horse good enough to secure the Blue Riband of the Turf, but with utter lack of success. It is all in the lap of the gods. The luck of the Derby is typical of the luck of racing generally. At the present moment Sir Daniel Cooper hopes to win with Lesbia. Two years ago he entertained the same hopes with Flair, and it is practically certain that if that filly had not broken down after winning the One Thousand, Spearmint would never have won the Derby of 1906. It had been definitely settled that Flair, and not Spearmint, should represent the stable at Epsom, and Major Loder's colt was to have been saved for the Grand Prix de Paris. This I know on the best authority, and I mention the incident as another illustration of the strange fortunes of the Turf.

Lesbia's Future

Of course, it is of little use seriously to discuss Lesbia's prospects of winning the Derby, for she has other engagements which may stand in the way. But, if we may judge by the brilliance of her performances last season, the filly is good enough to succeed where La Flèche and Sceptre failed, namely, in winning the Derby and the Oaks too, an achievement only twice accomplished in the history of racing—by Eleanor and Blink Bonny. It is quite certain that Lesbia is the best of her age so far, but two-year-old form is not always borne out, and there are certain youngsters who, while not in the front rank last season, look to be capable of improving just as vastly as Spearmint and Woolwinder did.

If the King Wins with Perrier

If, at this early stage, I were to take an outsider to win the Derby of 1908, it would be Perrier. I liked the way in which this colt performed in his only race last season. He seemed to have much scope for improvement, and it would not surprise me if he repeated the Epsom victories of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee. It would be delightful to see the King win another Derby after all the bad luck his colours have had lately on the Turf. Hugely popular, of course, as he was before he came to the Throne, I think it can reasonably be said that his Majesty never stood higher in the warmest affections of his subjects than he does to-day, and if Perrier wins at Epsom next June, it can well be imagined that the memorable scenes of Persimmon's year will be outdone. The chances of a Royal victory are at least very pleasant to contemplate.

'Chasing at Kempton

With feeble fields of competitors and waterlogged courses, the steeplechasing of December has been miserably uninteresting. But we are promised some better racing at Kempton Park on Boxing Day, when **Ballyhackle** may win the Park Steeplechase. On the following day **Brookwood** should take the Twickenham Hurdle Race, and **Timothy Titus** is my selection for the Kempton Park Steeplechase.

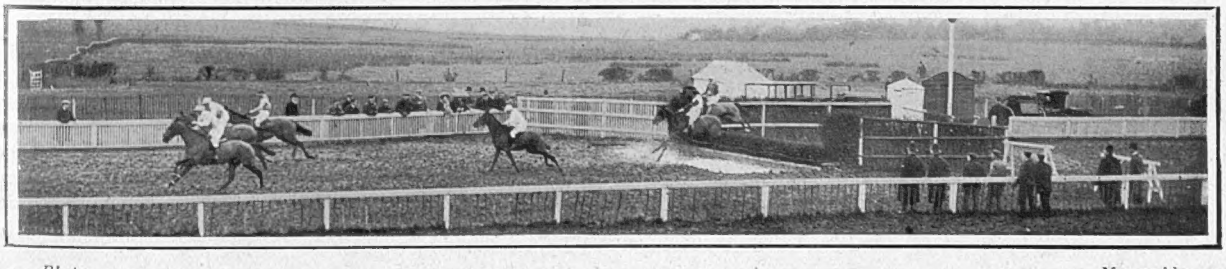


Photo *Muggeridge*

The Folkestone Meeting: Taking the water jump in the Ramsgate Handicap
This event was won by Mr. H. M. Hartigan's Pat Cullinan

The Foremost Physicist of the Age

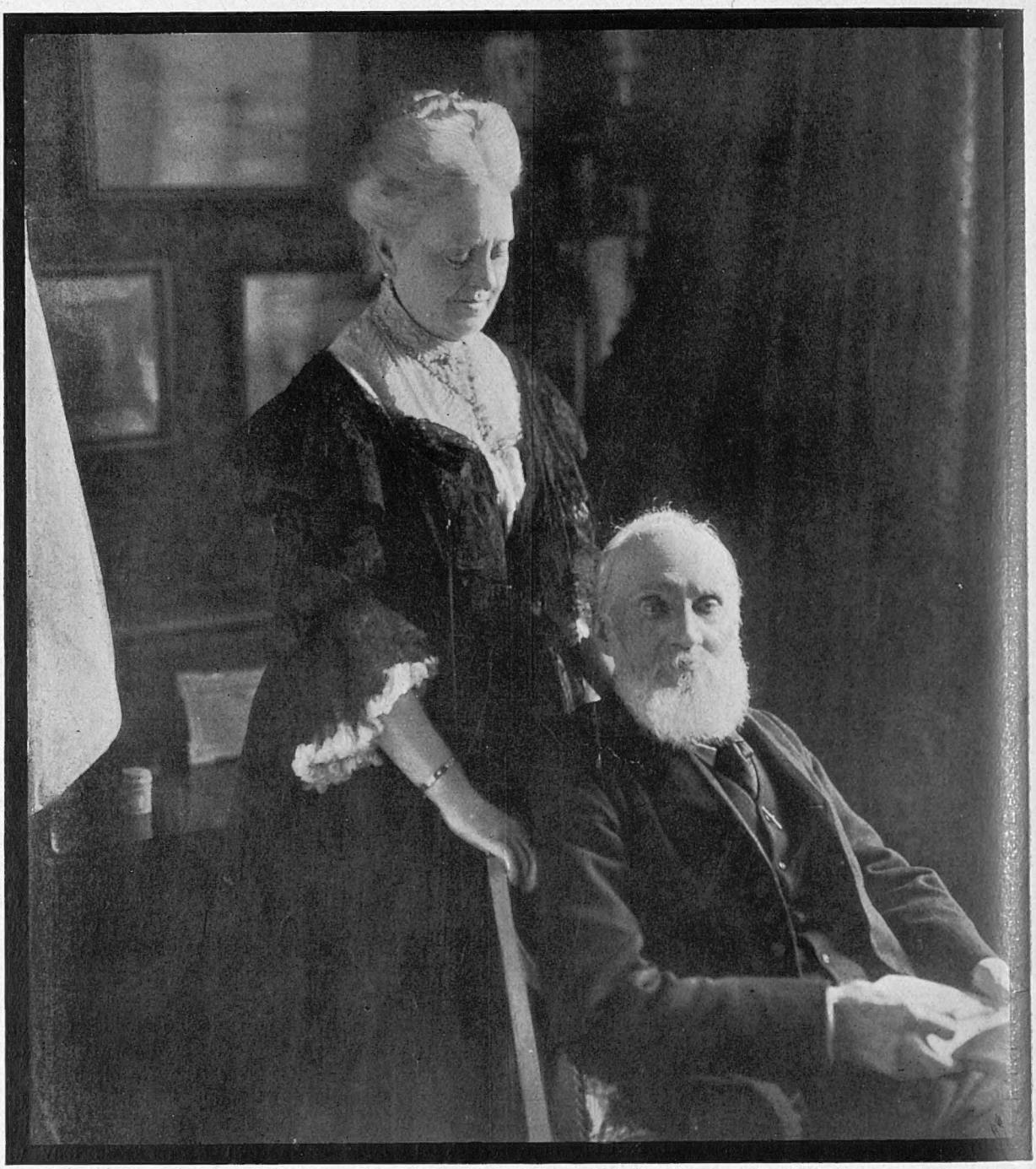


Photo *Russell*

THE LATE LORD KELVIN AND LADY KELVIN

It was as the foremost living physicist that Lord Kelvin was esteemed by the world at the time of his death, which took place on Tuesday, the 17th, at Netherhall, Largs, N.B., at the age of eighty-three. The sphere of his activities was almost unlimited. Every branch of science had his attention, his favourite saying being that "all science is one science." Alike as a theorist of daring and subtlety, as an inventor, and as a man of business, he had few rivals and no betters. He is most generally esteemed by the world for his immense services to the cause of measurement. His numerous instruments are those in universal use for the measurement of electricity, of navigation, and of deep sea survey. His mariner's compass and his sounding machine for depths are final solutions of old-time difficulties of navigation, and his various electrical meters reach as near to perfection as seems humanly possible. Among Lord Kelvin's historic feats is the prominent part he took in laying the various Atlantic cables. Among his services to philosophy are his investigations on the theory of the age of the world, as to which his latest estimate was "more than twenty and less than forty million years, and probably much nearer twenty than forty," and his contributions to the solution of the atomic problem. Personally, he was universally beloved for his kindly and generous nature, and for his wit, which was unfailing. He was created a peer by Lord Salisbury in 1892, and was married to the present Lady Kelvin, a daughter of the late Mr. C. R. Blandy, of Madeira, in 1874. He has no heir.

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you,
I pause and con
A Stander-By.

Photo *Sarony*

Lady Irene Denison

The debutante daughter of Lord and Lady Londesborough. Her presentation to the King took place during his Majesty's visit to Blankney

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS

A Royal Christmas

Christmas at Sandringham is a very simple and domestic affair. In fact, to transmogrify the good old nursery rhyme:

The King is in the stables
Stroking "Nulli's" nose,
The Queen is in the boudoir
Planning nice new clothes,
The suite . . . . etc., etc.

The house-party is limited almost entirely to members of the Sovereign's family. The King, although he and Queen Alexandra spend many hundreds of pounds on Christmas presents for their myriads of friends and relatives, has, nevertheless, introduced economy into his household in this as in so many other directions. No longer, for instance, do King's Messengers, laden with great importance and a large English plum pudding, traverse Europe from end to end at Christmas-time. Formerly, Queen Victoria had her Christmas puddings made in the Windsor kitchens, and despatched one to all her relations, no matter in what out-of-the-way corner of the Continent they were residing. History does not relate whether, prostrated with indigestion, the Royal relations *en bloc* petitioned the King to cease this kind attention. But their having taken this course seems extremely probable, and, anyway, his Majesty, when it became his turn to do the despatching, decided to drop the custom.

* * *

The Royal Menu

The Royal menu on Christmas Day, too, is very much the same as on any other feast day. The real boar's head on the sideboard and the great baron of beef roasted whole in the great kitchens in the Victoria Tower at Windsor have fallen into disuse. But the cygnet, a luxury costing about 40*s.* a pair to buy, is still a feature of the Royal Christmas dinner, and in taste is a mixture between a goose and an eel. Queen Alexandra and two of the City Companies, by the way, maintain swans and cygnets on the Thames, protected by special laws, the largest swannery in the kingdom being kept by Lord Ilchester.

* * *

A Thames Royal Party

It is on the Thames, high out of floods, if not of fogs, with Mr. and Mrs. Astor at Cliveden, that the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with Princess Patricia, will spend Christmas. The Duchess, who leaves with her husband and daughter for Malta on New Year's Day, prefers American to English women, and chooses to make her friends among them. Her Royal Highness, it is said, is not overjoyed at the Malta command; she would rather have stayed in England. But she has arranged that Princess Patricia, at any rate, shall not be "buried alive" there, and is sending her back to England as soon as ever the London season is in view, and the worst of the English winter over. At Blankney, where the King and Prince of Wales have been staying, Lord and Lady Londesborough celebrate Christmas in true old-fashioned style. Among other distinctions, Lord Londesborough is Vice-Admiral of York, and in commemoration of that title a great ship, made of sugar and filled with sweets, is always served at Christmas, together with an entire boar spiced and decorated, and other old-fashioned, if slightly barbarous, English dishes.

Photo *Bolak*

The King's Visit to Blankney: His Majesty riding to the coverts

Lord Londesborough (the host) is walking by the King's side, and some loyal local enthusiasts may be seen getting excited on the right

* * *

Two Busy Sea-Dogs

Talking of Admirals brings me violently into collision with the subjects of our photographs on the next page. The King always sends a specially selected Christmas present to his old friend Captain Welch, who, once in command of the Royal yacht, is now rather less arduously entrusted with the care of Virginia Water (the lake, by the way, and not a lady), and its fishing temple and frigate. Lord Bristol, too, has lately been much charged with the

Sailors in the Royal Eye

convoying of Royalty on the *Renown*, and he will be in the Royal remembrance, at any rate of Spain, this Christmas, if only because he made his distinguished passengers so awfully sick. Lord Bristol, since he came into his uncle's title, has neglected the House of Lords and resumed his active life in the Navy. Like the first of his line, he married an heiress. By the alliance of a Hervey with the daughter and heiress of Henry Drury in the fifteenth century, Ickworth Park, their magnificent seat near Bury St. Edmunds, came into the family, and the present Marquis married, ten years ago, a Miss Wythes, the possessor of a nice round square million sterling. Lord and Lady Bristol, however, do not live at Ickworth, but at a smaller place in their own park, which they much prefer. The King has lately granted the same rank and precedence to the children of the late Lord Augustus Hervey as though Lord Augustus had outlived his brother, the late Lord Bristol, and succeeded him in the Marquisate.

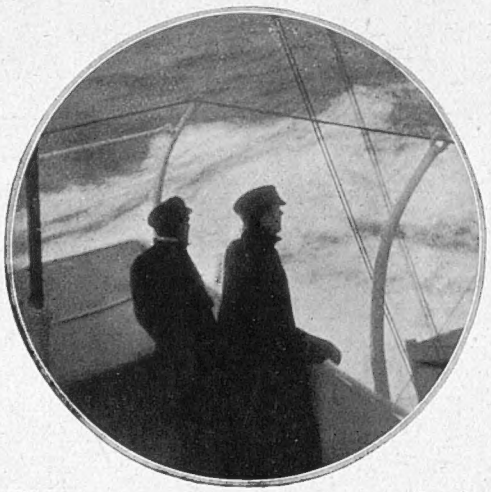
Captain Welch

Formerly in command of the Royal Yacht and now entrusted with the care of Virginia Water, with its fishing temple and its frigate. He is always the recipient of a special Christmas present from the King

* * *

Christmas Parties

Christmas parties, of course, are in full swing everywhere. Over in Ireland, Lady Aberdeen is giving her usual Christmas children's dance and entertainment at Dublin Castle; in Town, the Bishop of London has fixed the 26th (Boxing Day) for the delightful children's party he gives every year; and in the country, the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are spending Christmas at Everingham Park with Lord and Lady Herries; for their only child, Lady Dorothy Walpole, Lord and Lady Orford have a slightly older party, and a big ball at Wolterton, the historic seat of the Walpoles, which has been unoccupied for half a century; Lady Esther Smith is also entertaining youth and beauty for her debutante niece, Lady Helen Ogilvy, at Greenlands, Henley-on-Thames; the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort have a party at Badminton and a big Christmas tree for the benefit of little Lord Worcester and the Ladies Somerset; and of the Christmas tree variety, too, is the great family gathering assembled at Longleat by the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath, who always make use of their great baronial hall for their Christmas celebrations.



Photos *Russell*

Lord Bristol on the Bridge of the "Formidable"

Which boat acted as convoy to the *Renown*, used by the King and Queen of Spain on their recent visit. Though he recently succeeded to the title, Lord Bristol continues to follow the career of a sailor. In 1896 he married Miss Theodora Wythes

* * *

Sidelights on Lord Kelvin

Apropos of the late Lord Kelvin, the dominant feature of his personality was the strong, youthful enthusiasm which he retained to the end. A friend who stayed with him for a few days in a country house tells me that Lord Kelvin was then interested in some device for testing illuminating power, and the house-party became his willing servants, infected by his own zeal for discovery. They were all occupied with candles and candle-power and watching flames in dark cupboards. Lord Kelvin (who was born in Belfast, of Scottish and Irish ancestry) inherited from his Hibernian progenitors the Irish love of speaking. He spoke to people as much as possible. He kept little green books in which he entered mathematical ideas and calculations, but one of them is full of the history of a certain "P" troupe. This was the name chosen to hide the identity of a travelling party of child gymnasts whom he once met at a railway junction. From the little girl in charge of them he gleaned their whole history, and recorded it in his note-book.

* * *

Kelvin's Parentage

Lord Kelvin's family were Ulster tenant farmers. His father, James Thomson, tried to make a sundial according to directions in a book which he possessed, but failed miserably. One night, while watching the orchard against thieves and filling up the interval of time, like the Chaldean shepherds, with star-gazing, an idea came into his head, and next morning he made the sundial, and found it worked perfectly. He acquired quite a speciality for sundials, and made them for all his neighbours. His father and brother subscribed to give him some schooling. He became Professor of Mathematics at Belfast, and afterwards at Glasgow. Among his many scientific pursuits or diversions Lord Kelvin had studied photography, and he was a director of the great Company which operates the Kodak and other photographic inventions.

The Late King of Sweden

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Body of King Oscar of Sweden Lying in State in the Castle Chapel, Stockholm

The funeral of the late King of Sweden took place on Thursday last, December 19, the only other monarch present, besides King Gustav, being the King of Denmark. King Edward was represented by Prince Arthur of Connaught

L'Americaine à Londres

A Descendant of William IV.

The world's history has been made not by the actors therein, but by the actresses behind them. From time immemorial the women of the stage, consorting "off," so to speak, with kings and princes, have pulled the wires of Empire under the cloak of love. The engagement of Miss Cynthia Fitz-Clarence to Mr. Orred, of the Coldstream Guards, which has just been announced, recalls to mind a romance of throne and stage just a hundred years old. Miss Cynthia FitzClarence is a great-granddaughter of William IV. by his consortship with Mrs. Jordan (*née* Bland), the talented and prolific lady who lived with the Sailor King for twenty years. Ten, at any rate, of her children were of his parentage; and the others appertained unto Mr. Richard Daly and Sir Richard Ford respectively.

* * *

The Munster Line

William IV. created his eldest son Earl of Munster, a title he had himself held. His other children by Mrs. Jordan were given the rank and precedence of the younger sons and daughters of a Marquis. The present Lord Munster is a great grandson of William IV. and a second cousin of Miss Fitz-Clarence, who is the descendant of a younger son of King William. Mrs. Jordan, as everyone knows, was a woman as brilliant as she was beautiful. The cleverest comedian of her day, in her hands the stolid heart of the last of the Williams was as wax to fire. She first met the King when she was twenty-eight, and he was still Duke of Clarence. After the Deed of Separation, which was entered into, purely on political grounds, she went back to the stage in order to contribute to the support of her large family of children. One of the last parts she ever played was that of Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal.* Eventually she died in poverty at St. Cloud, Paris.

* * *

Peers and Stage

As numerous recent alliances go to prove, the attraction of the stage for the peerage is as sure as that of the candle for the moth. The candle shines brightly, the moth flutters feebly . . . Phwit! . . . its wings are singed, and it falls—at the steps of the altar! The moth, I am told, is not exactly overburdened with brains. I have not consulted Linnæus on the subject, but he (the moth) has, at any rate, not much room to store them. To put it nicely, his heart is stronger than his head. So the musical-comedy lady of the pictorial post-card variety gets him in the wings at the first flicker. Other women, like doctors, suffer from want of advertisement. No one could say that the actress labours under such disadvantage. Aware that lordlings, "like moths, are ever caught by glare," she is one big poster of herself and of her trade.

* * *

Pride of Possession

Other people's property, everyone knows, is singularly alluring. The average young man is puffed up with pride at the mere thought of possessing a private and proprietary interest in that which is public property. Proposals in sheaves invariably punctuate the aftermath of a *cause célèbre.* For the average man, too, there is a powerful, if primitive, charm in being the object of so whole-souled and so whole-hearted a pursuit as that which is indulged in by the pretty light-opera actress. To a woman of his own world, educated and highly civilised, develops instincts and interests other than those which Mr. Shaw pronounces to be the one great mainspring of feminine life and conduct. In a word, she absorbs an element of masculinity, and forgets that her one great matrimonial asset is femininity, undiluted and unabashed. The lovely lady of the tooth-powder makes no such hopeless error. For her there is but one game (a wicked game) that is worth the candle. On this she concentrates. She plays it with all her puny might and main, and disdains no smallest weapon from her armoury. Frequently she wins.

Photo *Cosway Galleries*

Mrs. Millard Hunsiker

Prominent among American hostesses in London. She is wife of the genial and popular English representative of the United States Steel Trust. Mrs. Hunsiker is shortly taking up residence in a new house in Green Street, from which she intends to entertain even more extensively than she does at present

* * *

The "Affinities" of Arthur James

Towards the end of next month Parliament reassembles, and the fun promises to be fast and furious. Doubtless Ireland will, against all the Government's carefully laid schemes, be the prime object of attention, and nobody is more likely to rejoice thereat than the Leader of the Opposition, who is there on the safest of possible ground. In no light does he shine so effulgently as in the emerald light: Ireland made, and Ireland is likely to sustain, his reputation, let the Tariff Reformers hope what they will. Talking in a previous paragraph about moths, I am reminded (by a

Of Near Royal Ancestry

Photo *Annie Bell, 92, Victoria Street, S.W.*

MISS CYNTHIA FITZCLARENCE

Announced to be engaged to Mr. Orred, of the Coldstreams. She is a great-granddaughter of William IV. by that monarch's consortship with Mrs. Jordan, the actress, whose eldest son took the title of Earl of Munster

Athens Welcomes Princess George

sequence of thought which will be obvious to those privileged to count the ex-Premier among their friends) of Mr. Balfour—when the day's work of golf and politics is o'er, a very *dilettante* among them. In the world of moths, Mr. Balfour reigns supreme, for he has the habits—not the attributes—of the fluffy trifler. He flits from flower to flower, and star to star, but he avoids the flame, and the collector who wished to add him to his or her show-box of lepidoptera must have in readiness a pin, full weighty and keen sharp; for the piercing of much grey matter would be involved. It is, in fact, only a twin soul, an affinity, so to speak, that can keep him gracefully and amiably circling for any length of time. Just now, being Christmas-time, the grub is more in evidence than the moth. But Mr. Balfour's wings whirr softly and sweetly. He gyrates in the family circle at Whittingehame. Tariff Reform is forgotten; for the nonce the psychic elements have ceased to "psych," and

Photo] **The Greek Royal Wedding** [*Hamilton*

The King of Greece welcomes the bride (late Mlle. Bonaparte) on her arrival. Prince George, the bridegroom, is standing bareheaded, while the bride is on the King's arm

A Chaplin by the river's brim
Just Primrose Leaguer is to him
A Chamberlain a bore.

* * *

A Week of Causes Célèbres: Druce and Wood

Last week was indeed a week of *causes célèbres*, what with the Druce case and the Camden Town Murder trial at the New Bailey. Many of us will confess to have felt the greater interest in the Wood trial, for, sordid though the circumstances were, there was the strong human interest in this case which is totally lacking in the Marylebone *post-mortem*. Prominent among the spectators at the New Bailey during the course of the proceedings were many well-known actors, dramatists, and literary men, each attracted by the attempts to unravel the mystery which surrounded the case. However, we are wandering. "Trials may come and trials may go, but Druce goes on for ever," and last week's instalment had its little store of surprises. The disappearance of Mr. Caldwell, termed by Mr. Avory "the most noxious perjurer that ever polluted the fountain of justice," created the greatest sensation, though perhaps the greatest amount of amusement was obtained by the large number of fashionably dressed spectators from Mr. Avory's case for the defence, many of his remarks and epithets therein being quite worthy of the best Dickens's burlesques of proceedings in courts of law. The ordinary layman must feel quite a relief to know that Mr. Herbert Druce is willing, at last, to have the famous Highgate grave opened, if the necessity to do so should arise, for, to the outsider, this seems the most practical way of clearing up the question. Not so satisfactory, however, must have been Mr. Avory's remarks to Druce shareholders, who, he said, might find themselves in the criminal dock charged with "champerty and maintenance." These names are very affrighting, and if I were the possessor of any Druce shares I should immediately get rid of them.

Catholicism and Charity

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Irish Stall presided over by Mrs. Lindsay Coates (in the centre)

The Premier Duchess as Saleswoman: The Duchess of Norfolk and Lady Mary Howard at the English Stall

he Duke and Duchess of Norfolk are very interested in the work of the Society, his Grace having recently shown his appreciation of their efforts by presenting them with two houses for their use at Norwich

Photos *Halftones, Ltd.*

The "Netherland's" Stall at the Bazaar for the Nursing Sisters of the Poor at the Horticultural Hall

The grand Bazaar, held in aid of the Nursing Sisters of the Poor at the Horticultural Hall last week, was a most successful affair. In the absence, through illness, of Father Bernard Vaughan on the first day, the bazaar was opened by Sir Reginald Barnwall. Among the stall-holders were many distinguished personages, including the Duchess of Norfolk and the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle

A Scientifically Minded Baron

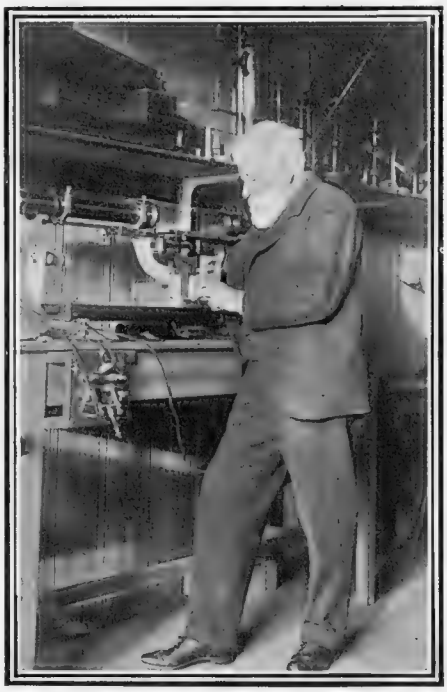
The Druce Lawyers

By the way, apropos of the Druce case, I understand that very strong influence—Influence with a capital "I," in fact, for the Duke of Portland has very powerful friends—was brought to bear on Mr. Rufus Isaacs to induce him to withdraw from the Druce case, for which he had been engaged by the prosecution. In his place is Mr. Atherley Jones, for the defence, a far less formidable counsel to have in the enemy's ranks. I hear, also, that great attempts have been made by her friends to "draw" the Irish lady who, as a friend of the late Duke of Portland, has made her depositions for the defence. At a big dinner-party the other day, when questioned as to the Duke, all she would say on the subject was, "The Duke of Portland? Oh! *that* horrid old man!"

* * *

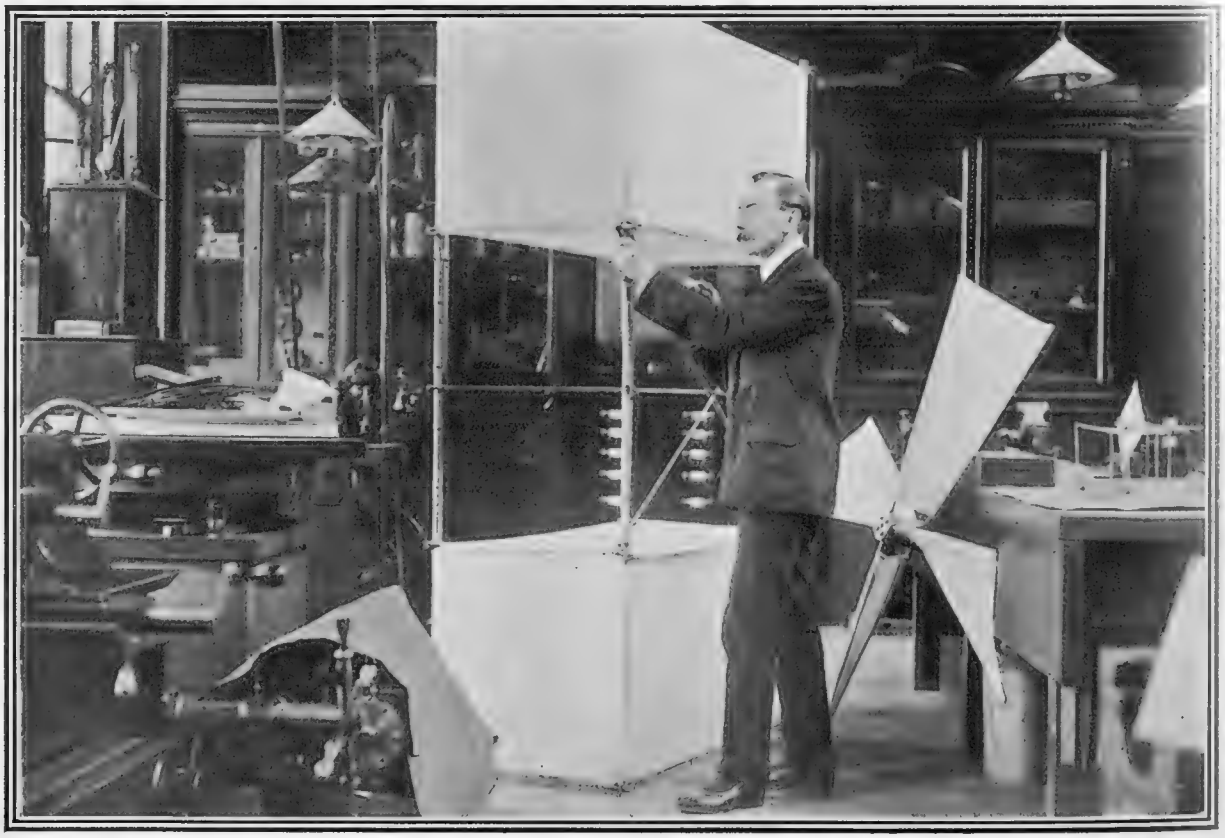
A Scientific Peer

Lord Blythswood, who, with Lord Lister and Mr. A. Cameron Corbett, is shortly to receive the Freedom of the City of Glasgow, is interested in many branches of science. At his laboratory at Blythswood, Renfrewshire, he has lately been engaged in an attempt to manufacture rubies, sapphires, and other precious stones by exposing colourless crystal to the action of radium. At present he is hard at work experimenting on a new flying machine, and one of the great box-kites he uses for making wind-pressure and other tests was lately mistaken by the well-meaning Clyde-siders for the lamented "La Patrie." Lord Blythswood is seventy years of age, and a scientist by inclination, if not profession. He served with the Scotch Guards in the Crimea, and was for many years in Parliament. Lord Salisbury gave him his Barony in 1892. He is enormously wealthy, being the owner of much valuable Glasgow land. During her visit to Glasgow in 1886 the late Queen stayed at Blythswood, and so also ten years earlier did the Prince of Wales, when he laid the foundation-stone of the new post office in George Square.



A Scientifically Minded Baron

Lord Blythswood in his laboratory at Blythswood, where he engages in many fascinating experiments



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

Lord Blythswood's Kite, which was mistaken for the runaway airship "La Patrie"

In the photograph is Mr. Scoble, his lordship's chief engineer

Photo *The Canadian Studio*

Lady Gorst

The leader of British Society in Egypt

. . THE . .

SEASON IN CAIRO

HOW TO GET THERE, AND WHAT TO DO WHEN THERE

Photo *Lafayette*

Sir Eldon Gorst

The new British Agent in Cairo—Lord Cromer's successor

The Journey to Egypt

To Bay or not to Bay—that is the question which confronts every would-be visitor to Egypt, whether to suffer the ups and downs of the much-dreaded Biscay or, coming overland, to shorten suffering and save time. The "short sea" has most votaries; but, unless the traveller is a quite hopeless sailor, limp to helplessness, there is much to be said for "long sea." The Bay is a dog with a bad name; yet it is no more always rough there than it is always blue and calm in the Mediterranean. The trip to "Gib" is often delightful. The overland route shakes you to pieces. In the deep blue waters of the Bay, porpoises leap and spring. A faint outline, like a distant cloud, deepens into the purple, shelving the coast of Portugal, and, as the comfortable P.&O. boat *Macedonia* nears the "Rock," a busy humming-bird moth, with gauzy wings and velvet body, buzzes inquisitively over the ship. Gibraltar has a charm peculiarly its own, but once in the Mediterranean the sky and stars have a sub-tropical brilliancy. Off Spain we see a marvellous sunrise, and the hills glow with tints unknown to us poor, colour-starved Northerners; behind them a widening path of gold, terraced with misty cloud, stretches over a waste of lavender, and presently all is forgotten in the tremulous glory of that gorgeous golden globe which is the Southern sun.

* * *

The Land of the Pharaohs

At length, the deep blue of the waters changes to the opaque greenish grey which heralds the Nile. Noisy, laughing, chatting Arab coalers throng the sunny wharf. An American girl, eyeing eagerly the crowd, remarks on their "vurry pretty teagowns," and is surprised to learn that they call them "galibieh." In the Cairo train one notes that the famous Suez Canal is not much wider than our Regent's Canal at home. On one side stretches the desert. A flight of night-birds shows black against the vivid sky. Who could believe that mere sand could mirror so truthfully the rose and gold and faint transparent green of this Southern sky? It is all so beautiful, so velvety, so dusky purple, so vividly glowing, that one wonders why, from childhood up, one has pitied the Children of Israel for having spent so much time there. Then, long darkness "black as Egypt," and after this, as one nears Cairo, the dark curtain of night lifts periodically and shows us pictures straight from "The Arabian Nights."

Photo] **Miss Bullock** *[K. Collings*

Daughter of General Bullock, commanding the British Force in Egypt

* * *

In Cairo

It is very difficult to find one's way about in Cairo. It is quite useless to tell a cabman to drive to such-and-such a street, for a name suggests nothing to him. It has taken him twenty years to learn one address, "Lordie Cromare," and it is only the master-minds among them which have already learned "Seer Eldom Gorse." Then the bustle, the stir, the life, the jollity of these noisy, sunny streets. The constant, curious, chanting, resonant cries, the fodder-laden camels, the necklaced donkeys, the fellaheen in blue, the sheikh in gorgeous satin, the conventually veiled Egyptian woman quarrelling cheerfully with her neighbour on the way to market. How fascinating it all is, and how compelling!

* * *

Fashion's Haunts

The most popular resort of fashionable Cairo is the Khedivial Sporting Club. It has been much improved of late, and, thanks to the untiring exertions of Mrs. Keith Marsham, wife of the Secretary of the Club, the gardens are now lovely and the club-house much beautified. Cairo, however, is not yet so full as at this time last year, for which the American crisis may be to blame. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire have left Neva House and gone up the Nile. Lord Eustace Cecil is still here, and the Earl and Countess

Amusements in Cairo

Croquet in Cairo: Mrs. Caffray and Mrs. Hornblower playing at the Khedivial Club
One of the most popular and fashionable resorts in Cairo is the Khedivial Sporting Club, the club-house of which has been much improved of late and the gardens re-arranged

of Linlithgow and the Countess of Gosford, with Lady Theo Acheson, are among the latest arrivals. Assouan is already fairly full, and every night the train from Cairo is inconveniently crowded.

* * *

Charity in Cairo

In the whirl of the Egyptian "Vanity Fair" there are still some who give time and thought to the needs of their poorer fellows. Lady Valda Machell and Mme. Carton de Wiart are both on the committee of Lady Cromer's Dispensary for Native Children. This charity was started about a year ago—one branch at Bulak and another in the heart of the native quarter, just outside the Citadel. In spite of prejudice and superstition, the institution is very popular, and the quaint little brown babies are brought by their mothers very willingly for treatment, it having been brought home to them by endless patience that though washing and cleanliness and medicine are extremely disagreeable, fatiguing, and boring, yet in the long run the cure seems rather more certain than that effected by the wearing of an amulet blessed by a sheikh. So long as she was in Cairo, Lady Cromer came twice a week to the Dispensary to help in the work.

* * *

Cairo Amusements

Dances, dinners, excursions, lawn tennis, croquet, and much polo at Ghezireh, where Lady Gorst, always beautifully dressed, is a constant visitor, fill up, quite satisfactorily, a Cairene day. Everyone subscribes to the opera, and the Esbekiyan Garden Theatre, where French companies often play, is a popular resort. Then, of course, there are always native Muslim ceremonies of overwhelming interest to the casual visitor, if not to the resident. At a reception held at the Hassan Mosque a week or so ago, the Holy Carpet, which is made every year in the Mooski for the tomb of the Prophet, is exhibited. The gorgeous sections of embroidery, green, scarlet, and massive gold work on a black satin ground, hang on the carpeted walls of one of the temporary chambers. A huge concourse of people attend, as, besides the bulk of the Mohammedan upper classes, the English, Greek, and French colonies are largely represented.

* * *

The Cairo Climate

Although Cairo is, one would imagine, as well known to English people as any other large cosmopolitan city, it is astonishing how much misapprehension still exists on the subject of the climate in winter. Tourists arrive—they are coming in every day—in white suits, the ladies with sun helmets and green veils. They recount how they have left their furs at Marseilles, their heavy clothing at Naples. "Poor souls," as Lady Jane Grey remarked of those who went hunting, "they know not what true comfort means." The sun shines for a few hours in the middle of the day, it is true, but there are many mornings and nights when it is very cold. During the next two months wraps and thick clothing are a necessity. Chills are taken with alarming rapidity, very often with serious after-effects. The climate is beautiful, but it has its peculiarities, and these need attention.

Polo at Ghezireh: A match between the Inniskilling Dragoons and the Coldstream Guards
Ghezireh is the great centre for polo, and fashionable crowds throng to all the important matches

The Egyptian Season Opens

Photo *Anglo-Swiss Studio*

The Ruins of Luxor

As the scene of Egypt's past greatness, with the magnificent Temple ruins at Luxor, Thebes, and Karnak, this district, some 450 miles down the Nile from Cairo, is one of the greatest interest to visitors. Among the many English people now staying at Luxor is Mr. Robert Hichens, the well-known novelist

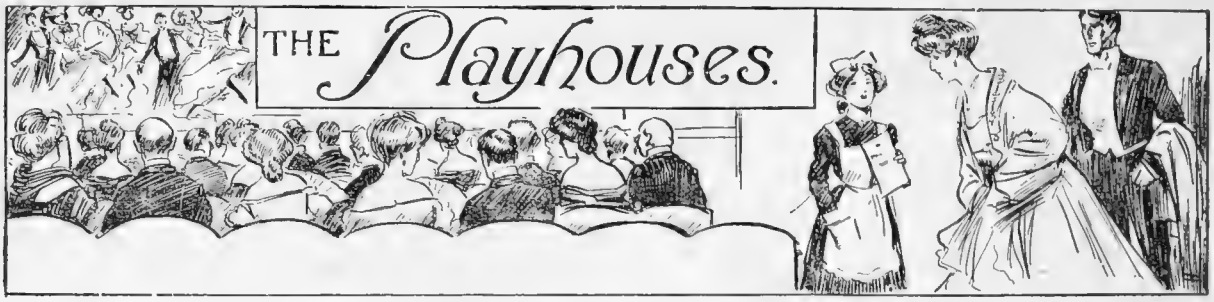
A Corner of Lady Cromer's Children's Dispensary

During her residence in Egypt, Lady Cromer started a dispensary for native children. In spite of prejudice and the native predilection for charms as cures for illness, many mothers bring their children for treatment. Since Lady Cromer left Egypt an active interest is being taken in the institution by Lady Valda Machell and Mme. Carton de Wiart

Photo *Wyndham*

A Bird's-eye View of Cairo from the Citadel

Cairo is a city of contrasts. Nowhere, perhaps, can you get such a complete mingling of East and West. The modern quarter of the city, with its boulevards, hotels, and shops, makes the visitor imagine himself in any European city, and yet, within a stone's throw, he may be in the midst of the kaleidoscopic changes of scene and colour of an Eastern bazaar, with no sign or hint of things Western and modern. The Season in Egypt is now getting well under weigh, and hundreds of English visitors are wintering in the country to escape the rigours of the English climate. No doubt, owing to the Money Crisis, the number of Americans is considerably smaller than for several seasons past



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

AN ITALIAN CRITIC OF THE BRITISH PLAYGOER

Who is Dr. Mario Borsa? And how comes he, an Italian, to paint a picture of the English contemporary stage which is almost without a flaw? These questions will spring to the lips of all who read "The English Stage of To-Day," a translation of the original Italian, recently published by Mr. John Lane.

A moment's reflection will suggest a possible answer to the second question. The author of this engrossing volume, in which criticisms, satirical outbursts, dialectics, pen-pictures, flash by us in bewildering succession, must have been in our midst for many a year. He must have been with us and of us to have gained such insight into our characteristics and temperament; he must have dined with us, gossiped with us, and won our confidence. Here is no strange Italian stalking alone through the masquerade making notes, but one of the giddy throng, laughing and capering and jesting with the rest. Only as one of ourselves could Dr. Mario Borsa have succeeded in producing a book so live, so personal, so instinct with truth.

Photo *Rita Martin*

Mlle. Genée's Successor

Miss Topsy Sinden, who is succeeding Mlle. Adeline Genée as *première danseuse* at the Empire

I imagine the English people to be one of the most difficult to understand. I can conceive a clever foreigner coming to England to study types and returning to his own country to write a book, the value of which would not be impaired if, for every time the words "English people" occurred, there were substituted the words "Barbary Apes." Ludicrous and false books have been written upon us by foreigners, and will continue to be written upon us by foreigners, who have not happened upon the magic "combination" which unlocks the English mind. Someone gave Dr. Mario Borsa the open sesame, and he has had the choice of all the treasures of the English character.

The opening chapters incline us to the belief that Armageddon is upon us. With barely a herald's warning the author rides full tilt at the British playgoer as a section of the "great British public." What he says (of course only in effect) is: "How can the British expect to have a drama when every other man you meet is a fool?" And the chapters in which this thesis is developed make delightful reading. Our author is not abusive, only keen-witted, critical, mercilessly logical. Recognising that he can never impress upon the intelligence of his countrymen a picture of the English stage until first he has told them of the English people, Dr. Borsa describes the rush and roar and monotony of London life. He depicts a people which, in revolt against the grime and squalor that encompasses it, turns passionately to the theatre in a craving for amusement. "Amuse us or we go mad" is the cry. And in the process of answering this pitiful cry, of ministering to this insatiable appetite for amusement, proprietors, shareholders, lessees, managers, authors, and actors make enormous fortunes.

This histriomania is not confined to attendance at the theatres; it is complicated and rendered more acute by a complex and morbid interest in everything connected with the stage.

Amateur dramatic clubs, illustrated theatrical periodicals, hero-worship of actors, heroine-worship of actresses, gossip upon the stage, booming of histrionic wares—these are some of the signs which all may see and the portents which all may read.

"Consider how these people live!" This is the text upon which Dr. Borsa preaches a sermon. He describes the rows and rows of mean streets containing houses all turned out to a certain pattern. Sameness, monotony, and machine-made types. The same arrangements and distribution of rooms, the same fireplaces, the same doorways, the same furniture, and the same pictures. Next our author passes to what the people read. He discovers that in comparison

Other Times, Other—'Mimes

PANTOMIME TASTES AT THREE PERIODS OF YOUTH

BY NORMAN MORROW

with other books novels are asked for in the proportion of a hundred to one. There are no fewer than thirty new novels published in the United Kingdom per week. It is an amazing output. What point is he trying to make? Why, that the English public, either reading or playgoing, has no artistic perception. As John Morley remarked upon opening a public library at Woolwich, "I am scandalised at the 'shocking trumpery' I have found upon the bookshelves in middle-class homes." Adventure, travels, frivolity, and novels, were to be found, but no serious works of history, economy, philosophy, or sociology. Dr. Borsa next passes to the statement that English authors have no hold upon the British public, which is only interested in business, in sport, in the music-hall stage.

Another quotation will serve to explain the deductions which the author makes from the study of the middle-class Briton and the atmosphere in which he moves :—

> His habits are so mechanical, his life so easy, his mental processes so elementary and indolent, his critical faculties so obtuse, his morality so orthodox, and his spirit so egotistical, that he is devoid of all intellectual equipment for the comprehension of serious drama; he takes no interest in the reproduction of psychological difficulties which have never disturbed his own peace of mind; he is entirely without curiosity on the subject of social problems which have never preoccupied his own thoughts; he has no desire to understand and to penetrate the essential nature of the men and the things in the midst of which he moves as automatically, as unconsciously, as the wheel of a machine.

In the face of this diatribe the poor British playgoer can but blush and lower his eyes.

Then follows a chapter upon Realism and the English drama, in which the author seeks to prove that, however bravely the little band of leading English dramatists fights in the interests of the theatre, circumstances are too much for them, and they are worsted.

> In their hurry to be clever and ingenious in their plots, and witty in their dialogue; in their zeal to work for stars and managers, one gets the impression that these dramatic authors have forgotten that in writing for the theatre it is also possible, incidentally, to write for art.

Another hard knock!

Dr. Borsa commends Jones the critic, he condemns Jones the playwright. He agrees with Jones that the stage should depict Society as it is, should study and reproduce all its manifestations, and occupy itself with all its problems. He fails to see that Mr. Jones has carried out the ideals which he has formulated.

Passing from what Dr. Borsa calls the "commercial drama"—that is to say, the drama which returns hundreds and thousands of pounds in fees to Pinero, Sutro, and Barrie—our author makes some pleasant remarks upon the experimental theatre. He contends that the work of Mr. J. T. Grein in establishing the Independent Theatre has been justified; indeed, he states that if the Independent Theatre had done nothing else for the British drama than to give a hearing to G. B. Shaw it would have fulfilled its mission.

There follows a pen-picture of G. B. S. It is remarkable from the fact that the writer keeps his temper. So few of Shaw's critics can. Dr. Borsa finds, as so many authors have done, that Shaw's plays are more interesting in book form than they are upon the stage. He has evidently experienced that stunned feeling which oppresses us when we grope our way from the theatre after listening for three and a half hours to dialectical cleverness, to discussions upon slum-landlordism, upon patriotism, upon morality, upon education, upon social economics, upon a thousand and one other subjects. Space forbids mention of a tithe of the treasures of comment and diatribe in this delectable book. And we have always the comfortable feeling that Dr. Borsa knows the "great British Public" far too well to fall into the error of supposing he has done it any good by holding the mirror to its face. E. C. S.

Mr. Frank Haskoll

Who is making such a hit at the Palace Theatre with his Irish songs at the piano. After his present engagement has terminated, Mr. Haskoll will undertake an extensive tour

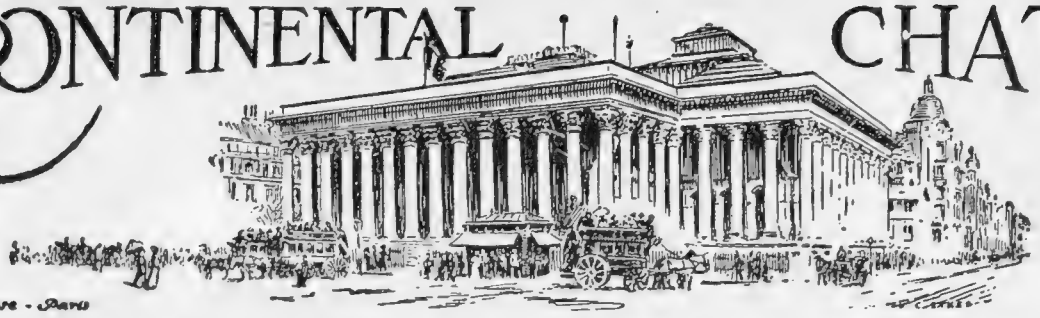
Pantomime Day

To-morrow (Boxing Day) might also be designated "Pantomime Day," for, in addition to Drury Lane and the Adelphi—the Lyceum produced their pantomime last Monday—nearly all of the important provincial and suburban theatres open on this day with pantomime. In our centre pages will be found photographs of a few of this year's principal pantomime "stars"; but, although we have done our best to make our selection as representative as possible, through lack of space we had perforce to omit many important names. One only has to glance at some of the names figuring upon the pantomime bills to understand how the music-halls must suffer during this season. At Drury Lane, for instance, in *The Babes in the Wood*, we have Messrs. Walter Passmore, Neil Kenyon, Harry Fragson, Harrison Brockbank, Johnnie Danvers, and Drew and Alders. For the feminine rôles the Misses Queenie Leighton, Meredith Munro, Madge Vincent, and Marie George have been engaged. At the Lyceum, Miss Dorothy Craske, so long associated with the Empire ballets, is playing Robinson Crusoe. Among others in the cast are the Misses Sybil Arundale, Grace Arundale, and Ouida Macdermott; Messrs. John E. Coyle, George Brooks, and Ed. Espinosa. Miss Macdermott, who is said to be possessed of a particularly fine voice and a very engaging style, is a daughter of "The Great Macdermott." At the Adelphi, Happy Fanny Fields is sure to be good as the Laundry Maid in *Aladdin*. Mr. Malcolm Scott is cast for the part of Widow Twankey, which part should suit him well. The Abanazar is Mr. Harry Dent. Miss Sarah Vruvell, of whom great expectations are entertained, will be the Princess. The Camden Theatre has Mr. Harry Randall for its *Dick Whittington* pantomime. The principal Boy is Miss Ella Shields, and the principal Girl Miss Gladys Huxley. At the Broadway, New Cross, Miss May Moore Duprez and Mr. Martin Adeson are to be found in *Mother Goose*. R. M.

Mr. Frank Haskoll

Mr. Haskoll is appearing at the Palace, and making a great success singing songs, Irish and otherwise, at the piano. This is Mr. Haskoll's first appearance on the Variety stage. He has had great success in London as a teacher, and numbers a great many of our leading singers as his pupils. He has also figured as a Society entertainer both in this country and America.

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Bulgarian Princely Alliance

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria's second marriage, after a widowerhood of nine years, and following so closely on the death of his father-in-law, Duke Robert of Parma, cannot fail to excite comment. In Bulgaria there is little sympathy and little surprise. The Prince's ripe age, and his choice of a lady who is his senior, preclude romance; but his four children will henceforth have a maternal guardian, and the palace at Sofia a fitting hostess.

Princess Eleonora of Reuss-Köstrits is approaching her forty eighth year. She had probably ceased to contemplate the prospect of wedlock when the dazzling offer of a Crown—all vassal though it be—was laid at her feet. Her aunt by marriage, the Grand-Duchess Vladimir of Russia, was the first to see the suitability of the alliance. It must be remembered that Prince Ferdinand was once a suitor for her own daughter, the charming and high-spirited Grand-Duchess Helen, now Princess Nicolas of Greece. Those who know Princess Eleonora affirm that she is of dignified presence, well qualified to uphold that Royal State whose pomp and paraphernalia are so dear to the Sovereign of the uncouth Bulgars.

* * *

A Princess of Sorrow

But the thoughts of many will fly back to the winsome figure of a little lady of regal mien, who wore her crown and trailed her silken skirts through these halls that witnessed her dawn of hope and her twilight of despair. No pang is keener than that of a soul mourning for its loved ones even to the Eternal Gate, and it was a religious sorrow that broke the heart of Marie-Louise in twain. Bred in the strictest of ultramontane circles, imbued with zeal for the extension of the Church, she accepted the hand of a Prince struggling for his throne within a State struggling for its existence, in order to further a Christian cause, and bring to Bulgaria and its ruler the wealth of her dower, the prestige of her great House, and the boundless devotion of her heart. Not a trace of Roman propaganda could be found in her educational and humanitarian foundations. Her purity of motive, her lofty philanthropy endeared her to her subjects, who mention her name with blessings even to-day. Strange to say, her attachment to her own faith in no wise lessened her popularity with the Bulgars. The Princess's first deception was the delay in administering the Sacrament of Baptism to her first-born. This temporary concession to "Orthodox" susceptibilities did not, however, prepare her for what was to follow; and when Prince Ferdinand bowed to Russia's demands, and resolved to let his son be made a member of what was to the poor Princess the "Greek schism," she fled from Bulgaria, distraught and desperate. Her father, indignant at what he termed the infamous backsliding of a Bourbon, espoused her cause, and arranged for her future residence a wing of his palace at Pianore.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Another Royal Engagement

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria and Princess Eleonora of Reuss-Köstrits, whose engagement is announced

* * *

A Pitiful End

But it was that very Rome whose interests lay so near to her heart that insisted on her resumption of conjugal ties. Pope Leo XIII., her godfather and mentor, prevailed on the Princess to yield to her husband's solicitations and return to Sofia. The Vatican's inexorable attitude on the marriage question pressed this time heavily on one of its most devoted adherents. But the wound was never healed, for this gentle idealist sank into a decline; and, although she gave birth to two more children, Princesses Eudoxia and Nadejda, the cloud of melancholy was not lifted until the day of release. A lady of her immediate surroundings exclaimed to me, after the Princess's demise: "Ah, never mind what the doctors say! *We* all know that she died of the baptism of Prince Boris!"

Prince Ferdinand has this time chosen a Lutheran to share his throne and be a mother to the children of the ultra-Catholic Marie-Louise. The fact that his name was not mentioned in the will of the late Duke of Parma will have helped to deliver the Prince from any feeling of obligation towards the family of his first wife; and the coldness existing between the Parma-Bourbons and the Coburg-Bourbon line enthroned in Bulgaria will probably now develop into open rupture. The political situation is such

that it is doubtful whether young Prince Boris will ever ascend his father's uncertain throne.

* * *

More Royal Escapades

I wonder if Royalty was ever so much talked of as in the present day. Kings and Queens and Royal Princes seem to vie with each other in the activity with which they cater for notoriety. It is as if Royalty had found a new vocation and vindicated its utility against an encroaching democracy. Far be it from me to say a word against the admirable work which our own King, the German Emperor, the King of Italy and others are doing for the welfare of their respective countries. I am not sure, however, that the others, who show their dissatisfaction with their lot in abandoning the comforts and luxury of their high position for the sake of the freer life of commoner people, are not dissipating the old delusion that Kings are happy, and that to be a Queen is the height of human fortune. The latest example is the Duchesse d'Aosta's abandonment of hearth and home, on account of her husband's *fredaines*, to wander *incognito* among strangers. She has just returned from her sister's wedding at Wood Norton, and is now starting for a long voyage so as to escape, it is said, the pitying comments being made on her domestic life. But this is, perhaps, exaggerated. One can well understand how the eternal blue sky and steady climate of the South must eventually bore a woman of the North, even without taking into account the uniformity of Nature and the insipidity of character in Southern Italy, where she is fated to dwell. Even the rows of bright white teeth and ready smiles grow tedious. It is quite possible that a *nostalgia* for the North came upon her recently, and that all these rumours of domestic infelicity rest upon a very slender foundation. Perhaps she has at last accepted the invitation Queen Alexandra has so graciously and so often extended to her.

Photo Guigoni and Bossi

The Duchesse d'Aosta

Whose matrimonial troubles are occupying the attention of tittle-tattlers in Italy just now

* * *

The "Washington Post" Again

There is a rumour that Sir Henry Howard, at present British Minister at the Hague, is to succeed Mr. Bryce in his post at Washington. Thereby hangs a tale. When Mr. Bryce was appointed, another distinguished diplomatist coveted the post, but the Washington Embassy is the most difficult one to fill in the whole of the diplomatic service. The Americans cannot stand the "side" which many of our Ambassadors have retained from the old attaché days, when they imagined themselves the lords of creation. Sir Mortimer Durand was entirely free from pose of any kind. He had, however, the stand-offish manners of the high-class British official, and this is equally obnoxious to the American. The candidate for the post which Mr. Bryce now occupies is still unemployed. A caustic, clever man, he has had great experience of the Far East, but he is hardly the kind of diplomat who would understand, or be understood by, the "rough-and-tumble" politicians of the American capital. A passing compensation was offered him, and then he did what was expected of him. It is, therefore, very doubtful that Mr. Bryce will return till this gentleman is disposed of elsewhere. He went there on the assumption that a vacancy would occur in the course of twelve months or so, hence the rumour that Mr. Bryce only went for this period. He has been a very popular Ambassador, though he has not yet fathomed the truth of the old adage that "Silence is golden," especially when one is a diplomatist. Sir Henry Howard, who is mentioned as his probable successor, is now sixty-five years of age. He began his career as an attaché in Washington, and there he met and married Miss Riggs, who made such a charming hostess during the Hague Conference. Sir Henry would suit the Americans. His bluff, jovial manner and unaffected good humour, added to the fact that he has an American wife and "American" daughters, would mark him out as probably the most suitable in our diplomatic service for the post. After passing so many years at the Hague—not the liveliest of capitals—he deserves some compensation before he retires into private life. Being a Roman Catholic, he has not, in the most Puritan Court of Europe, been as much the right man in the right place as he might have been, and the rumour has more than once been circulated that he is to go elsewhere.

* * *

A Monument to Dante

An Italian once wrote that nothing struck him so much, on visiting London, as not to be able to discover the statue of Shakespeare! He had seen one in Paris, on the Boulevard Haussmann, but nobody could show him one in the streets of the capital of Shakespeare's native land. The Englishman's reply was twofold. First, it was to the effect that, as Shakespeare's memory is still revered by some Englishmen, he had been spared the unhappy fate of a British statue. Secondly, he blandly asked of the Italian where, exactly where, was the statue of Dante in Rome? The native could not tell him, for it is the sorry fact that Italy has, on her part, no replica of the image of *her* greatest poet. She has, however, done something to repair the omission, as a Bill has just been laid before the Italian Parliament for the erection of a monument in Dante's honour. The sum asked for is £80,000, so if the honour to their great poet comes tardily, it is likely to be all the more magnificent. Dante in Italy is as popular as Shakespeare in England. He is read in the schools, and even an Italian elementary education is incomplete without a pretty fair knowledge of Italy's greatest poet.

PANTOMIME STARS
In Town and Out

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

MISS ALICE RUSSON

Playing Cinderella at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool

Pantomime "Stars" in Town

(1)

Photo Hana

(2)

Photo White House Studios

(1) Miss Dorothy Craske

Playing Robinson Crusoe at the Lyceum Theatre

(2) Miss Ouida Macdermott

The Princess Arawanha in *Robinson Crusoe* at the Lyceum Theatre

(3) Miss Madge Vincent

Maid Marian in *The Babes in the Wood* at the Drury Lane Theatre

(3)

Photo Dover Street Studios

(4) Miss Marie George

The Girl Babe in *The Babes in the Wood* at the Drury Lane Theatre

(5) Happy Fanny Fields

The Laundry Maid in *Aladdin* at the Adelphi Theatre

(4)

Photo Bassano

(5)

Photo Rotary Co.

Pantomime "Stars" in the Provinces

(1)

(2)

(1) Miss Daisy Jerome

Gretchen in *Mother Goose* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham

(2) Miss Mabel Russell

Principal Girl in *Jack and Jill* at the Prince's Theatre, Bristol

(3) Miss Lily Iris

Robin Hood in *The Babes in the Wood* at the Royal Theatre, Glasgow

(4) Miss Carrie Moore

The Prince in *Cinderella* at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham

(5) Miss Phyllis Dare

Cinderella at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham

(4)

(5)

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

More "Stars" in the Provinces

(1)

Photo *Tana*

(1) Miss Carlotta Levey

Sinbad in *Sinbad the Sailor* at the Theatre Royal, Manchester

(2) Miss Valli Valli

Principal Girl in *The Queen of Hearts* at the Royal Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne

(3) Miss Constance Hyem

Aladdin at the Grand Theatre, Leeds

(2)

Photo *Rotary Co.*

(4) Miss Madeline Rees

Prince Cashmir in *Cinderella* at the Shakespeare Theatre, Liverpool

(5) Miss May Beatty

Dick Whittington at the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle-on-Tyne

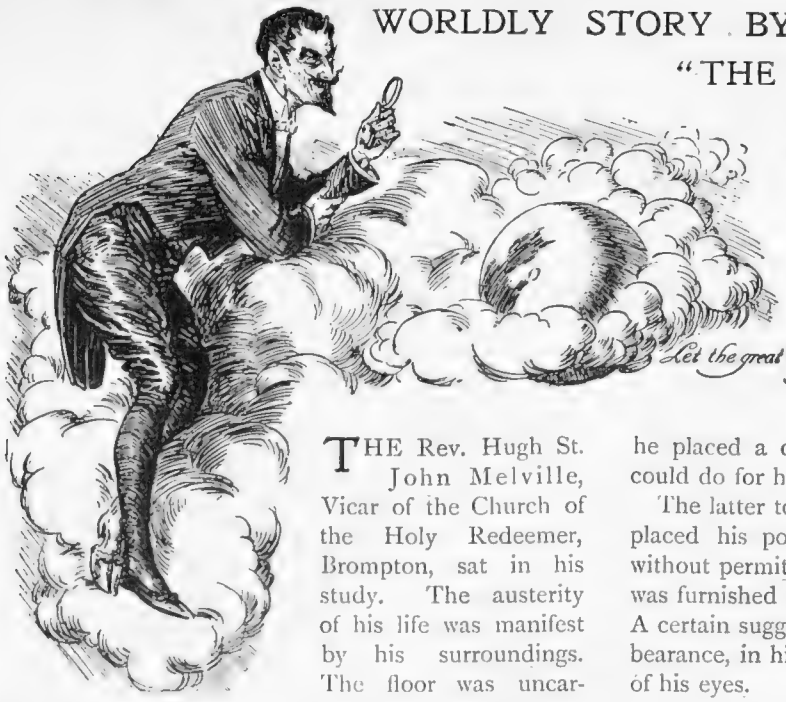
(3)

(4)

(5)

Photos *Foulsham and Banfield*

WORLDLY STORY BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE YOKE"



The Celibate

By HUBERT WALES

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

THE Rev. Hugh St. John Melville, Vicar of the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Brompton, sat in his study. The austerity of his life was manifest by his surroundings. The floor was uncarpeted, and, save for the bright bindings of the books which lined one wall, the room was without sign of comfort. Its furniture, otherwise, was composed of a few hard, uncushioned chairs and two deal tables. One of the latter served the Vicar for a desk, the other contained the remains of his evening meal—half a loaf, a cracked tea-pot, some butter, and a pot of jam, laid on a coarse cloth. Off this simple fare he had broken his fast at six o'clock; it was now nine, and the residue was still unremoved. It did not occur to him to summon his housekeeper for the purpose. She would come in her own good time, according to her custom, and his attention for the present was sufficiently occupied by the urgent appeal for funds for the Universities' Mission which he was writing for his Parish Magazine. He was only in the middle thirties, but his clean-shaven face bore marks suggesting a more advanced age—the product of a life of strenuous work and rigid self-repression.

"MISS RINGLETS"
(A Study by H. Lander)

He was still at his desk when the door was opened by his housekeeper to admit a visitor. The good woman mentioned no name—it was not her custom—she held a dish-cloth in her disengaged hand, and having deposited her charge, she retired to regions whence she had evidently been drawn with some reluctance. The newcomer—a tall, bronzed man, with a large moustache and gentle brown eyes—was an entire stranger to Melville; but as the latter rose to greet him, his tired face was illumined with a welcoming smile, as to an old friend. It was not a superficial politeness, but the spontaneous greeting of a man whose heart went out naturally to his fellow-creatures. He cast a glance round to his ill-spread table with some thought of hospitality, hesitated at the sight of its emptiness and changed his mind; then he placed a chair for his visitor and asked what he could do for him.

The latter took the hard chair proffered him and placed his polished silk hat upon the bare table without permitting his face to indicate that the room was furnished otherwise than he would have expected. A certain suggestion of masterfulness, almost of overbearance, in his face was removed by the kindliness of his eyes.

"I have called," he said, "on behalf of my sister, to arrange for her marriage."

"Why, certainly," said the Vicar, readily. He snatched a slip of paper from a rack. "You wish me to publish the banns?"

"No," said the stranger, "the marriage will be by licence."

"Oh!" There was slight surprise in the interjection. "That is more unusual — but no matter. Your sister resides in my parish?"

"She will do so for the legal period."

"I see," said the priest. "Then I may conclude, I hope, that she has an especial desire to be married in my church?"

"In your church and by you."

There was nothing unusual in such a preference on the part of brides, in Melville's experience, but the tone in which the words were uttered attracted him to look at the speaker with more intenseness than he had hitherto done.

"May I ask why?" he said.

The stranger took out his card-case. "Perhaps I should have begun by introducing myself," he said. "Allow me to remedy the default." He laid a card on the table.

"Thank you." The Vicar lifted the piece of pasteboard. "My housekeeper — good soul — doesn't indulge me with the names of my visitors."

The inscription on the card was "Major Godfrey Christian-Hope, Army and Navy Club." Melville read it; and when he looked up his face had changed. It had not hardened; but it had become a little paler, a little sterner. And there was something else in it, if you looked closely: a look of suffering, suddenly acute amid the signs of one wont to suffer.

"To which of your sisters have you referred, Major Hope?" he said.

"To my sister Lois."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

The name fell softly; but no observer could have failed to note that its import was appreciated equally by the man who spoke as by the man who heard. The latter had clasped his hands on the table, and sat staring at a small date-rack in front of him. The look of suffering had deepened; through which the faint flicker of some tender reminiscence struggled vainly for life. His companion watched him without sympathy and without triumph, but closely and with intense interest, sitting the while with legs crossed, tugging mechanically at the ends of his long moustache.

Melville at last broke the long silence. "You were in India when all this happened?"

"Yes," said Hope, "I was in India. That is why I have not met you before."

"But you have been told everything, of course?"

"Oh, yes."

"You have heard the facts correctly, no doubt. Still, if you will let me, I should like to tell you the story shortly myself."

The Major shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I know I can expect no sympathy," said the priest. Then his voice rose: "But I will endure no judgment. If I was wrong, I am answerable to a Judge who will not err."

He paused, and then resumed in his usual quiet tones: "It was at the time that I was leaving the University, and had yet to embark on a career in life, that I first met your sister. I suppose no young man could have seen so much of her as it was my fortune to do at that time without being influenced by her beauty, by her personal charm, and by her rare mental qualities. Not I, at least. I counted myself fortunate to be among her admirers; I counted myself doubly, trebly fortunate when she stooped to accept my devotion. On my part, this was no passing fancy, as the sequel may have led you to suppose: it was a deep, abiding attachment which no worldly chance or change could disturb. But my youthful ardour had led me too hastily to the opening of a pleasant path which it was not ordained that I should follow; in my eagerness I had bound to your sister that which was not mine to bind. I was to know a little later that this life of mine was required by its Giver for the services of His Church. Not a half of it, Major Hope"—he spoke earnestly, looking into his companion's face—"not such part of it as might be unoccupied by domestic joys and domestic cares, but all—all." He hesitated, anxiously watching the other. "I see you don't agree with me; your sister didn't; many don't; the Church itself is passive. To me it is unthinkable that one who is called to this high office can devote to it less than his whole heart, and his whole mind, and his whole soul."

"And so you jilted my sister," said the soldier, bluntly.

The priest raised his head, his eyes bright, his features set with quiet dignity. "From you, I have said, I will accept no judgment."

"I have not come to judge."

"No," said the priest, "you have come to punish. You have presumed, Major Christian-Hope, to come to punish."

"I have come to execute my sister's commission," said the Major, quietly.

The other hesitated. "She really wishes it?" He spoke the words slowly, a note of incredulity in his voice.

"Oh, come, Mr. Melville," exclaimed Hope, "you mustn't grudge her her little triumph. There is an old proverb, you remember, about a woman scorned."

"She was not scorned."

"She has been pitied."

Again there was a pause. Then Melville repeated: "She really wishes it?"

"She demands it," said Hope.

"I cannot do it," cried the priest, suddenly. "The task is greater than you know. You ask more than you think."

"Do you mean——?"

There was no reply. Melville had dropped his face into his hands.

For some moments the soldier watched the bowed head in silence. His features had softened.

"I am sorry, Mr. Melville," he said, at last; "sorry that your peculiar views should have interrupted what I am convinced would have been a happy union. My sister would have made you a good wife, and she would have helped you, I think, to become a not less faithful, and perhaps a more efficient, servant of the Church you serve."

The priest looked up, a half smile flashing for a moment in his face. "Even if you could persuade me of that," he said, "it would hardly avail us when we remember your errand to-night."

"I had forgotten," said the other. He held out his hand. "So far as I am concerned, bygones are bygones. Will you come and see Lois? When she has had her crow, you may find you have only to dry her tears."

Melville did not immediately reply. He was thinking earnestly. He passed his hand once or twice through the loose strands of hair on his forehead. Finally he turned to his companion with an air of quiet decision.

"No," he said; "I was wrong. She has suffered through me; through me it is her whim to reach her happiness. Let it be so. I will find strength to do it."

Then a remarkable thing happened. The Major, having achieved the object of his visit, proceeded to use his utmost endeavours to undo his work. He urged, insisted, implored. Without avail. The priest had made up his mind.

. . . . . .

At two o'clock, three weeks later, the Church of the Holy Redeemer was silent and almost empty. The doors and windows were open, admitting the soft June sunshine; a few worshippers knelt upon the high-backed chairs; the air was faintly laden with the fumes of incense. At the Eastern end the chancel was shrouded in the mystery of semi-darkness. Only the perpetual lamp, depending from the main arch, dimly illumined it, and two tapers upon the high altar, whose beams fell upon the crucifix, which shone and burned out of the gloom.

As the neighbouring clocks were chiming the quarter, an acolyte emerged from the side and lighted the remainder of the candles. Those of the worshippers who happened to notice it were aware that a service of some sort was about to take place. Then

(Continued on page 632)

William the Conqueror's Birthplace

IN THE QUAINT NORMAN CITY OF FALAISE

Photo] **La Porte des Cordeliers, Falaise** *[H. H W. Joel*

Falaise is chiefly famous as the birthplace of William the Conqueror, and for its fine old castle, where you can see the room in which the Conqueror was born! La Porte des Cordeliers is one of the gates through the old city wall, and is reached by walking down the main street past curious old houses into the Valley of the Ante, from which there is a grand view of the old castle

(*Continued from page 630*)

a priest in his cassock crossed the chancel silently and with deep reverence. It was the Vicar. He passed through a curtain, and thence entered the vestry—a small room indifferently lighted—and closed the door behind him. In the niche of a narrow window was a chased ivory crucifix. Beneath it stood a deal table, where the Marriage Register lay open. It also held a small vase of lilies of the valley. The Vicar took them up, sniffed them mechanically, and returned them to their place. He was not unaccustomed to receive such small tokens of esteem from his fair parishioners.

Then he lighted a candle to assist the daylight, sat down before the table and pushed aside the heavy register. His face wore an expression of studied calm. It was the face of a man who has learnt in a hard school to meet an ordeal without flinching and who has the will to endure. He took from beneath his cassock a folded piece of pasteboard and held it in front of him. In his hands, and in those surroundings, it was a strange object—an old ball programme. Across the lines and the printed words there was still legible—in very shaky handwriting—the pencilled word "Yes." It recalled to the priest a very different scene from the present. He could hear again the strains of a waltz in an adjoining room, the feet of the dancers as they moved and the low tones of their voices. He could see the gloved hand and the trembling fingers of the girl beside him, slowly tracing—as he pressed his words upon her—the answer which could not be spoken. And once again he looked up from the hand to the flushed cheek and the downcast eyes, to such a picture of sweet distressful modesty as would have made a painter's fame to reproduce. So he saw her then in the hall of a great house, so now in the musty vestry, and so, maid or wife, he knew that he must see her always.

He half raised the faded programme as if to press it to his lips, but sharply restrained the impulse; and then held it firmly in the flame of the candle. As he pressed out the last ash, he dropped on his knees beside the rough table—in subjection, in abasement—and buried his face in his hands.

He did not hear the door of the room softly opened and closed. He did not see that, in the interval, a woman had entered, a woman whose thirty years had not impaired her beauy, whose dark hair was drawn back from her head and knotted in a thick coil behind, and whose stately figure was softened by an innate grace of carriage and by the tender light of her grey eyes. She paused for a moment, gazing at the bowed figure. Then she moved forward and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

The priest turned with a start. Then he recognised her, and rose slowly. "You must not come here," he said, facing her.

He spoke without agitation. None would have guessed a meeting after ten years. The man's face a little pale, the woman's a little flushed, that was all.

She ignored his words. "You were praying," she said.

"Yes."

A slight pause. "Why were you praying?"

"I often pray." He was conscious of the prevarication.

She took a step forward, insistent. "Why were you praying *now*?"

He already regretted his evasion. "Need you ask?" he said.

She raised her voice. "Yes, I do ask; I have a right to ask."

"I was praying," he answered, in the same level tone, "for courage and for strength—for courage to face this ceremony, and for strength to go through with it. Are you satisfied? Do you wish to punish me further?"

He looked up quietly as he put the question. To his surprise, her eyes were suffused with sympathy, with tender appeal. "It is a long time to have quarrelled," she said "Can't we make it up?"

"We have no quarrel," he replied. "You must always feel we are friends."

"Don't you understand? Can't we — can't we begin again, Hugh?"

Not even the impassive face of the priest could entirely hide the emotion that gripped him: a sudden shock of joy, beaten back the next moment by relentless self-repression, and then, covering both, blank mystification. "But you forget," he said, "you forget why you are here."

"No, I don't." There was delightful feminine downrightness in the blunt statement. "You have put me in an absurd position," she continued, with an aggrieved air. "When Godfrey came to ask you to marry me, it was only because—because we thought——" She hesitated, and he did not assist her. "Because we thought," she rapped out bravely, "that if you still cared for me, it might help you to remember it. We knew you were lonely. But you stupidly insisted upon carrying out his suggestion. And now you see what has come of it." She directed a very severe glance at him as she finished.

"Do you mean that the bridegroom is a myth?"

"Yes." She made the avowal with the utmost frankness.

"And so it comes to this," said the man, sternly: "that you have attempted to play a trick upon me; in fact," he added, as he glanced at the Marriage Register, "that you *have* played a trick upon me."

"Yes," she answered again; and this time she sighed, but without much contrition.

The extraordinary effrontery of her action left the priest temporarily without words with which sufficiently to mark his displeasure. She quickly filled the gap. "But you are Jesuit enough to let the end justify it?"

"Is the end achieved?"

"Not yet. But we are here together, talking. That is something. Are you sorry?"

He was about to prevaricate again, but he met her eyes and changed his mind. "No," he answered. He realised, with some shame, that she had taught him a lesson.

"My brother has told me how you live," she continued; "how you deny yourself the common comforts of life, and exist on the extreme minimum that can keep body and soul together. Do you suppose that this will fit you any better for the work that may wait for you, say ten, twenty, thirty years hence? Have you ever considered that you are committing moral suicide?"

(*Continued on page 634*)

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT

TO H.M. THE GERMAN EMPEROR

BOURNEMOUTH

REST-CURER AND HEALTH-GIVER TO RUN-DOWN ROYALTIES

The Upper Gardens, West Cliff, Bournemouth

The Invalids' Pine Walk, East Cliff

(*Continued from page 632*)

"I have all I need," he said.

Her eyes suddenly mocked him. "*Have* you?" she asked. She pressed the question mercilessly: "*Have* you?"

He was silent. He would not now evade the question, and he could not answer it.

"Who ministers to your sick," she resumed, with an abrupt change of key; "who comforts your young mothers; who sits and talks to your bedridden old women?"

"I do," he answered, meekly, "and I have many willing helpers." He could not have told how it had come about that he was now the defendant in this discussion.

"Such a large brigade that there is really no room for any accession to their ranks?" Her eyes were quizzing him.

"We cannot have too many."

She came a little closer. "Then I will offer you another," she said. "When I asked you just now if you had all you needed, you didn't reply; you could not; because, if you had done, you would have had to admit that you are lonely, that your home is no home, that you are often harassed and have no one to comfort you, that you are sometimes ill and have no one to nurse you. You have *not* all you need. There is just one willing helper you have needed all these years." She was very close to him now. "You want her still. You want *me*. Hugh, you *know* you want me." Assured of her place in his heart, she uttered her words with superb confidence.

He could not avoid looking at her, and he could not avoid showing in his looks that she spoke the truth. Her speech had flushed her slightly, and for the first time he was fully conscious of the growth of her beauty since he had seen her last. "Yes, I want you, Lois," he admitted, quietly, "but I may not have you."

"You may," she cried; "I know, I *know* you may." The strength of her simple conviction was worth volumes of theological argument. Her gloved fingers were tapping the table. At that moment they came in contact with the paper ash remaining there. "You have been burning something?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"Will you tell me what?"

"Your programme."

For some moments she stirred the charred embers in silence with the tips of her fingers. Then she turned her head. "You have kept it—all this time?"

"Until to-day."

Slowly her eyes filled with tears; and then she crept into his arms. He did not repulse her; but he did not caress her. She played with the buttons of his cassock, and after a while she looked up. "It is ten years since you asked me to write that. That is a long time, isn't it, even for you? It is longer for me. But, Hugh"—she dropped her eyes with the sweetest of natural impulses—"I have not changed my mind."

He did not speak; he dared not; but his lips were moving. He was fighting again the same battle he had fought years before. This time the issue was different. Slowly — very slowly — his arms closed about her, and one hand smoothed her hair. She nestled closer; she was still weeping softly. A little later his lips ceased to move; and, with his two hands behind her head, he gently turned her face upward, and bent his own to meet it. He looked deep into her eyes, and then he kissed her lips.

HUBERT WALES.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

The Latin Play at Westminster: The performers in Terence's "Famulus"

Though many of our public schools annually produce Greek plays, Westminster is unique in its Latin plays. Their Christmas play this year was Terence's *Famulus*, a piece which has not been performed at the school for over fifty years. Much more interesting than the play itself is always the Epilogue in Latin, which contains a hotch-potch of puns and allusions to the events of the last twelve months The subjects dealt with this year were the Railway Crisis, the Diabolo Rage, the Zancigs, Limerickitis, and Mr. Bernard Shaw

A Greek Play by Ladies!

FAIR PERFORMANCE OF "ALCESTIS" AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

The Invocation of the Gods as Alcestis lies dead

Admetos leads the restored Alcestis back to his Palace

Something new in the performances of amateur dramatic societies was the production last week of Euripides' *Alcestis* at Lovaine Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, by the former pupils of the Central Newcastle High School, the performers all belonging to the gentler sex. The translation was by Mr. Arthur S. Way, M.A., and the piece was produced in an exceedingly creditable manner under the direction of Miss Laura Smithson

By Field, Stream, & Covert

Mr. Esmé Arkwright, Master of the Oakley, who is showing good sport this season

Good Sport in Deep Going

There is an old hunting saying, "the more dirt the less hurt," and that has been the consolation which followers of hounds have been able to extract from all the miserable weather of the past few weeks. With the going fetlock-deep, a great strain is placed on horses when hounds are running; the continual pull, pull through the deep takes it out of them quicker than anything else I know. Little brooks are transformed into ugly looking watercourses just now (writing on the 17th inst.), and treacherous "take-offs" add considerably to the difficulties of jumping, so that we are seeing more roadwork and headland riding this season than for a long time past. On the whole, the conditions have been favourable for scent, and in some countries the long-expected improvement in sport began on or about the 7th inst. With a brilliant forty-five minutes on that day, the Pytchley Hounds started a very successful week; and elsewhere the chief honours, perhaps, have been borne off by Mr. Fernie's, who continue to do amazingly well. The veteran foxes in this part of Leicestershire are having a very rough time just now, and Thatcher looks like leaving very few of the old sort for another season. Mr. Charles McNeill is fulfilling expectations in the Grafton country, and my correspondent at Towcester writes of much good sport and innumerable disasters to the followers of the pack. So bad was the "grief" on one day last week that Dr. Johnstone, of Weedon, who is a constant follower of the Grafton, was almost incessantly in demand. Fortunately, no very serious damage was done. Batchelor, the huntsman, was among those who took a fall. He lost his horse, but was able to go on with his hounds owing to the promptitude of Mr. Alexander, of Weedon, who, on seeing the huntsman's plight, jumped over a big fence to him, and gave him a leg-up on his own horse, sending him speeding along after the disappearing pack.

Some Lady Followers at the Meet

The Meet of the Oakley Foxhounds at Ravenden, near Bedford: The field and pack moving off

"'Ware, Hound!"

One unhappy incident with the Grafton a week ago was the loss of a valuable stallion hound, who was so badly kicked that he had to be destroyed. Mr. W. Selby Lowndes, the Master of the Whaddon Chase, has had a similar misfortune recently, and it would really seem that hunting people are not, generally speaking, so careful of the hounds as they ought to be. Most of us have heard, at some time or other, the melancholy howl of a hound injured by the kick from the mount of a careless rider, and who can wonder if the withering sarcasm of the M.F.H. is drawn down upon the head of the offending horseman? The story has been related of a youthful sportsman who was advised by an indignant spectator to "Hit him!" when his horse had kicked a hound. "Indeed, I will!" replied the youth, and promptly set about—not his horse, but the wretched hound! The recent reports of

Well-Known Riders in the "Vale"

(1)

(2)

(1) Lord Dalmeny at the meet. He is one of the hardest riders in the Vale of Aylesbury

(2) Lady Lurgan, a fine horsewoman

(3)

(3) Mr. W. Selby Lowndes Jun. (on the right), the Master of the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds, chatting with Mr. McCorquodale

(4) Lord and Lady Malden, both hunting enthusiasts

(5) Mrs. Leon, a regular follower of the Whaddon Chase

(4)

(5)

Followers of the Whaddon Chase Hounds met at Ascott, the residence of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, on December 11, and the subsequent day's sport was some of the best yet experienced this season

badly maimed hounds make us think of Leech's famous sketch, which depicts the M.F.H. shouting, "Mind the hound, sir; he's worth twice as much as your horse!" And really, when you come to think of the intrinsic value of the modern foxhound, and the difficulty, nay, the impossibility, of adequately replacing a good working hound during the hunting season, it is scandalous that greater care is not taken to avoid accidents which can so easily be prevented.

The "Vale of Tears"

In regard to the state of the going, a humorist writes that wherever there was once a delectable Vale of Grass there stretches now what is literally a Vale of Tears. The welter-weights experience a sinking sensation when

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Isle of Wight Foxhounds
A kill in the open, after a run of 1 hr. 25 min.

called upon for action, and even the "top-sawyers," who stop for nothing ordinarily, are obliged to tread delicately, like Agag, lest the quagmire absorb them altogether. From Warwickshire comes the most tragic story of the times. The flooded village of Long Itchington proved a veritable trap, since road and green and pond were one indistinguishable surface of water. The well-known soldier—a major of the 10th Hussars—who made an unfortunate miscalculation and disappeared in the depths of the village pond, deserved all commiseration. No less thrilling from the spectacular point of view was the passage through the flooded Itchen of a sportsman tooling his wife to covert in a buggy drawn by the smartest of ponies. The pony's head was about all that remained visible of the whole turn-out, and the occupants climbed to the seat and stood on it to escape the heavy seas that washed aboard. Only by the exercise of the greatest skill was the further shore safely gained. This was an incident popularly supposed to be humorous—an opinion from which the chief actors seem to have differed at the moment.

The Oakley Hounds and Country

It was said of a famous Master of the Oakley Hounds, Mr. Robert Arkwright, that he was a born hound man, absolutely devoted to hunting, a fine rider, and one of the best huntsmen who ever handled a horn. The sportsman's grandson, Mr. Esmé Arkwright, now holds the leadership of the pack, and on account of the workman-like way in which he is hunting the pack this season, the Oakley people say that he is a regular "chip off the old block." The cold clays of the Oakley country, with a large proportion of big woodlands and heavy ploughs, would not suit those accustomed to nothing but the flying countries of the Shires. But it is here that fox-hunting can be seen in its most genuine form. Hounds have honestly to work for their foxes, and so good are the Oakley on their cold scenting grounds, that drafts from the pack are keenly sought after in many kennels.

A Fine Run with the Whaddon Chase

Hounds are always welcome at Ascott, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's home near Leighton Buzzard, and a largely attended meet of the Whaddon Chase took place there on the 11th inst., when the accompanying photographs of various well-known followers were secured. They include Lord Dalmeny, who is one of the hardest riders in the Vale, and would, I dare say, be as much at home in the Mastership of hounds as he is in the captaincy of a county cricket eleven. It will have been gratifying to Mr. L. de Rothschild to know that the meet at Ascott was followed by the best day of the season with this pack. From a covert in the park hounds hunted a straight-necked fox for eighty minutes with scarcely a check over a delightful country. Mr. W. Selby Lowndes may well be proud of his pack.

The Master of the Enfield Chace

A few months ago fears were expressed as to the future of the Enfield Chace Staghounds, but under the command of Mr. D. D. Bulger the pack has taken a new lease of life. A member of the Stock Exchange and keen

The Enfield Chace Staghounds Meet at Preece's Farm, Shenley: The Master, Mr. D. D. Bulger

sportsman, he saw his first hunting in Ireland, and at the age of twelve he was helping to whip-in to a pack of harriers. Since then he has had much experience of hounds, and what he learnt about stag-hunting with the famous "Wards," near Dublin, stands him in good stead with the Enfield Chace. In his younger days, Mr. Bulger was an athlete of much distinction. He represented Dublin University with success in contests with Cambridge and the London Athletic Club. He held numerous championships in Ireland, winning the 100 yards Challenge Cup three years in succession, and in England his chief successes were in hurdling, of which he held the Championship in 1890 and 1891. So it will be seen that the Master of the Enfield Chace is a good all-round man. A. W. C.

Coursing at Newmarket

Newmarket Old Champion Meeting: Crowd watching the coursing

Wilkinson, with Mr. W. Jarvis's "Derby Day II." and Sir R. W. B. Jardine's "Ladyfly" in slips for the final course in the Cheveley Stakes

"Wednesday Welter" being prepared for the final of the Champion Puppy Stakes

"Royal Crest," the winner, a fawn dog by Faraon Ferry out of Royal Ivy. Mr. A. Brown, owner, and some of his friends

The Newmarket Old Champion Meeting is still a very popular reunion, and the Champion Puppy Stakes is one of the most important events of the year

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Amateur Form in 1907

The year is drawing to a close, and the time has come for taking stock and seeing how we stand in the golfing world. I propose to-day to take the case of the amateurs, whom it is the business and pleasure of The Bystander to put in the forefront in all sporting and athletic concerns. I heartily wish that that precedence could be accorded to amateur golfers on their playing merits, but the sad truth cannot be blinked that the foremost position still belongs to the professionals, and that the gap between the two ranks has in no degree whatever been lessened by the events of 1907. The most outstanding feature of this year among the amateurs is the renascence of Mr. John Ball. I use the word "renascence" advisedly, for, although Mr. Ball has been in the front rank during the past few years, there has been something lacking in his game. Possibly the untimely death of his great rival, Mr. Tait, may have lessened his keenness, or repeated victories may have sated him. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that, after 1899, until this year, he seemed to play with less dash and decision, while his putting went all to pieces. Whether his recovery of his putting brought about his renewed keenness, or *vice versâ*, who shall say? I should opine that the former proposition contained the truth. For there is nothing so disheartening for a great player than to find one department of his game horribly faulty while the others are as good as ever. One other cause of Mr. Ball's renewed zest remains to be mentioned—viz., that the Amateur Championship was due at St. Andrews. He had never won on that course, and he may well have pulled himself together for a great and final effort to secure the coveted prize there before the years lessened his chances.

The Golfer of the Year: Mr. John Ball

The most outstanding feature of this year's amateur play has been the renascence of Mr. John Ball, the Amateur Champion, after having rested on his laurels since 1899

The Renascence of Mr. John Ball

I need not recapitulate history; but I will only say here that his success at St. Andrews, and elsewhere since, was due, firstly, to his superb and confident putting, more especially his holing out, and, secondly, to his renewed interest in the game. That keenness has continued, as many Club competitions throughout the Liverpool District bear eloquent witness; while, if anything were needed to confirm this, it would be his recent feat of backing himself against the fog at Hoylake in point of time and score, easily winning his bet, when, apparently, others considered the conditions impracticable for golf of any kind. From an amateur point of view, 1907 will undoubtedly be reckoned as Mr. Ball's year. In common with his countless admirers the wide world over, I rejoice at this, and express the hope that Mr. Ball may long retain this superb form and continue a pillar of strength to the great game which he adorns. Such players as he, whether regard be had to his powers, to his sterling sportsmanship, to his modesty in victory and his good temper in defeat, are an asset of inestimable value.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Pollock

One new light has appeared in the golfing firmament in the shape of Mr. G. C. Campbell, on whose magnificent form during the Amateur Championship I commented at the time. An unfortunate illness since then has rather thrown him back, but I have no doubt that with complete recovery of his health will come back all that easy mastery of the game which delighted us at St. Andrews. If to that mastery of the game he will but add a complete control of his temperament, I would hazard the prophecy that in him we shall find the leader of the amateurs in the near future, and the one who will dispute pride of place with the best of the professionals.

Another young player who has always had a sincere admirer in me, and who has brilliantly distinguished himself this year, is Mr. V. A. Pollock. A feat such as his in carrying off the Jubilee Vase and the Autumn Medal in the same year stamps him as a great player. Mr. Barker has now joined the professional ranks, and the amateurs are the poorer for his loss, for he promised to be a force of very great value to their side.

Other Players of the Year

Mr. Maxwell has done very little to maintain his reputation this year. We must pray for a renewal in his case of that ardour which drove him to victory in the old days, but which has temporarily deserted him.

Mr. Dick carried off the St. George's Vase this year, and proved that he is still a power that must be reckoned with.

Most of the old horses, such as Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. Blackwell, are still running strongly.

Captain Hutchison has also been playing admirably.

I have left, perhaps, the most brilliant name to the last, but not even his most fervent admirers can say that this year has added to Mr. Graham's reputation. In scoring he has been great at times, but his match-playing powers do not seem to increase as the years go on. Possibly he may still emulate Mr. Hilton in this respect, and acquire that devil in match play without which no Amateur Championship can be won.

Ernest Lehmann.

The Library

By VIVIAN CARTER

"PEKIN TO PARIS IN A MOTOR-CAR"

One agreeable way of pulling through Christmas is to secure, of course, if possible, by fair means, a copy of

"Pekin to Paris in a Motor-car,"

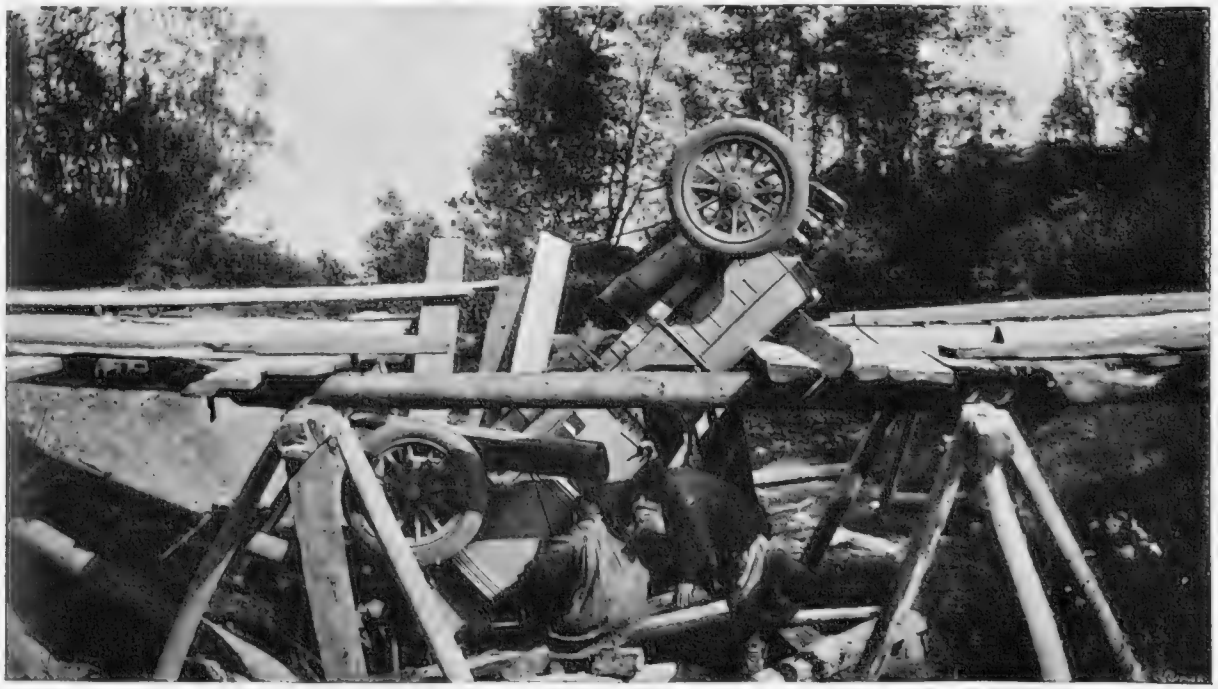
by Luigi Barzini (E. Grant Richards: 16*s.* net). Leaving Pekin at about, say, 10 o'clock on the festive morn (your travelling companion being, of course, besides the writer, the Prince Scipio Borghese), you should, with hard reading and no stoppages save for oil, be well past the Great Wall by lunch-time, across the Gobi Desert at dinner and the Baikal by Boxing morning, through Siberia by Boxing night, and in Moscow by the morning after, reaching Paris in comfort by about noon of the awful Sunday following. I cannot recommend a more effective method of forgetting the prevailing festivity than to share the privations of the gallant —I was going to say "explorers," but as to commit myself to that expression would hopelessly cut into the crust of my criticism of the book, I had better say just "motorists."

Signor Luigi Barzini

Author of "Pekin to Paris in a Motor-car." As correspondent for the *Corriere della Sera* and the *Daily Telegraph* he accompanied Prince Scipio Borghese on his gigantic exploit

(*Reproduced by courtesy of E. Grant Richards*)

This trip, let it be said at once, is a motoring, rather than an exp'orative, achievement. It blazons the magic word "ITALA" forth to the world as "the car that crossed two continents," and it ensures the inclusion of S. Scipio in the automobilistic *Acta Sanctorum*, whenever they are compiled, as the hero of the longest and the most glorious ride in the early history of the new locomotion. As a record of exploration, however, the feat is not perhaps so notable as its name would suggest. In the first instance, the travellers' route was clearly defined—it was a case of following the telegraph lines across the Chinese Empire and the railway lines across the Russian. In order to avail themselves of these facilities, the racers went thousands of miles out of what would, geographically speaking, be the right way from Pekin to Paris. You or I, looking at the map of Asia and Europe, with a view to our own great trip (*when* we make it), would spurn so comparatively easy an itinerary. *We* should cross the Gobi to the West, making for Samarcand, and Merv, and Teheran. We should risk *our* lives, not among the polite bureaucrats of Siberia and their closely watched exiles and moujiks, but among the wild men of the Pamirs, Bokhara, Persia, and Asia Minor, where the police are neither so numerous and efficient nor the inhabitants so well-in-hand as in Russia. Not from polite Russian officials should *we* seek



A Little Episode of the Ride

The Itala car overturned through the collapse of a bridge near Verkhne-Udinsk, Trans-Baikalia

(*Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. E. Grant Richards from "Pekin to Paris" by Luigi Barzini*)

petrol, but from the Khans of Khiva and Bokhara, or any others we might light on. So far as the populations were concerned, the path of the Itala was strewn with roses. The riders were expected everywhere—official protection, passports, permits, banquets, were their lot from the moment they entered Russian territory. Troublesome as they found such stretches as the Gobi Desert, the prairies of Mongolia, and the muddy and ill-kept roads of the Eastern provinces of Siberia (they hugged the railway much of the way), theirs were motorists', not explorers' eventualities. Difficult as were the ways traversed, they were well-trodden—those of Siberia, alas, too well-trodden, by the weary feet of generations of exiles. To see Siberia *en fête*, as, in their honour, our tourists so generally saw it, is hardly to see Siberia.

Signor Barzini has, however, done all that was possible to make the tale of the ride of interest and excitement. If there is a fault in his style, it is its fidelity. A little more licence in the description of adventures might have lightened the narrative, though I admit that to lighten the narrative of a motor ride over a wilderness calls more for a Bart Kennedy than a Barzini. Thud, thud! Puff, puff! Wide white plain. Wall. Long wall. Chinese wall. Prairie. Desolate prairie. Mud. Lots of mud. More mud. Whizz! Whirr! Sand. Sand-storm. Mountains. Tall mountains. Lake. Blue Lake, etc., etc. This would have done it. Why, oh, why didn't the *Daily Mail* send Mr. Kennedy with Scipio? Then, then indeed, should we have been given a book. A big book. An inexhaustible book. A wonder-tome.

Presents for Parents: A Suitable Novel

That Little ——— ? by Eyre Hussey (Longmans). A troublesome title, Mr. Hussey? A little difficult to recommend in conversation without appearing either demented or vulgar? Well, well, perhaps! Nevertheless, a book one has very good cause to recommend, for it is quite one of your very best novels—bright, quick, live, full of action. "That little ———?" (of the feminine gender) is a most interesting young woman, of impudent and even irreverent speech perhaps, but of sterling qualities. How nobly and how cleverly she sticks to her absent Dick, the young man who goes West cow-punching in defiance of irate papa's wish that he should go E.C. pen-pushing. Dick is a new sort of prodigal. Leaves home, and stays away for a long time; comes back not a penitent, but a plutocrat. Comes back clinking coin, triumphant, to claim "that little——?" as his bride, despite the objections of "that little——?'s" prudish protectors. Dick doesn't ask papa if he may be as one of his hired servants, etc.; he makes him apologise for his own ill-behaviour, and promise to be a good old man henceforth. In these days, when respect for youth among parents is not all it should be, the moral of *That Little*——? is one which all youths who have the interests of their elders at heart should impress on those wayward people. There is nothing, further, in the book which could possibly offend elderly susceptibilities—a rare thing to be able to say in an age when there are so few books one cares to leave about for one's seniors to see.

V. C.

Reference Books for 1908

Many a book hailed on its first appearance by reviewers as "the book of the year" has a few days' reign of popularity and then dies an unmourned old age at the end of a month. The only true "books of the year" are the annual reference-books, new issues of which appear with regularity each December, their arrival on the scene being the signal for the immediate official demise of the brethren whom they supersede, they, in their turn, to be superseded as the year whose date is emblazoned on them draws to a close.

In the van of the noble army of reference-books marches the portly and gorgeously attired *Debrett's Peerage* (Royal Edition, 31*s.* 6*d.*). Story-writers of a minor order tell us that this book is the Bible of a certain class of young lady in Society. It is true few copies of The Book are clad so sumptuously or have such an attractive outward appearance as the *Peerage*, but *Debrett* certainly has a distinct similarity to certain portions of Holy Writ, especially those genealogical chapters in the Pentateuch, so that perhaps an excuse may be found for its devotees. It appears that during the past year 5 new peerages, 17 baronetcies, and 175 knights have been created, while 23 members have been sworn of the Privy Council. This and numberless other things anent "the titled" does *Debrett* tell us each year with unfailing accuracy, and we can no more do without it than we can without the House of Lords.

The princeling in this class of work is *Whitaker's Peerage* (3*s.* 6*d.*)—a compact and handy volume.

More plebeian, but none the lest invaluable, is *Who's Who* (10*s.* net). The annually recurring question when this book comes to hand is "Whatever did we do before it was first published?" Its only drawback is that as it has grown in size it has also grown in price, but whether it cost us 10*s.* or 100*s.* we can't do without it. This year's issue contains over 20,000 biographies, including those of well-known foreigners, several being in French and German. We are glad, however, that Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of the new tongue, refrained from recording his doings in Esperanto. The companion work, *Who's Who Year Book*, contains a budget of information which originally formed a portion of *Who's Who*.

For the precedence among general works of reference, there is a hard fight between *Whitaker's Almanack* and *Hazell's Annual*. It is a case of "Pay your money and take your choice." *Whitaker* contains within its familiar red and green covers as much information as could possibly be intelligently crowded into one thousand odd pages, and few inquirers turning to it for information will go empty away. *Hazell's Annual*, which again appears under the able editorship of Mr. Wm. Palmer, serves up its information in a somewhat different form, but every conceivable subject of interest and importance is dealt with, and dealt with thoroughly. Special articles are included on Consols and National Credit, the Growth of Socialism, Modernism, the Olympic Games, Colour Photography, etc. etc.

One realises the flight of time when one sees that the 1908 edition of the *Daily Mail Year Book*, the youngest of general reference-books, is already its eighth issue. This is a stupendous sixpenny-worth. The old lady who said she found the dictionary interesting, but somewhat disconnected, reading should turn to this little red book, for she will there find numberless authoritative, though short and concise, articles on every imaginable subject.

In the realm of more or less "technical" reference works may be mentioned *The Photographic Almanac* (1*s.* net). This should be in the hands of every photographer, amateur and otherwise. Besides much general information of interest to the photographer, there is a special article on colour photography.

We are glad to welcome the second issue of *The Winter Sports' Annual, 1907-8*, which has just been published (Simpkin, Marshall: Crown 8vo, 2*s.*), and has been brought thoroughly up to date. It contains fresh articles on skating, tobogganing, ski-ing, and curling by well-known exponents of the sports, past records of all the classic events, and a list of fixtures for the coming winter. An entirely new and very useful feature is the list of ski tours added to the various places in the directory. The ski-runner, who has hitherto been entirely at the mercy of local ignorance, should appreciate this information, which is most difficult to obtain in a reliable form.

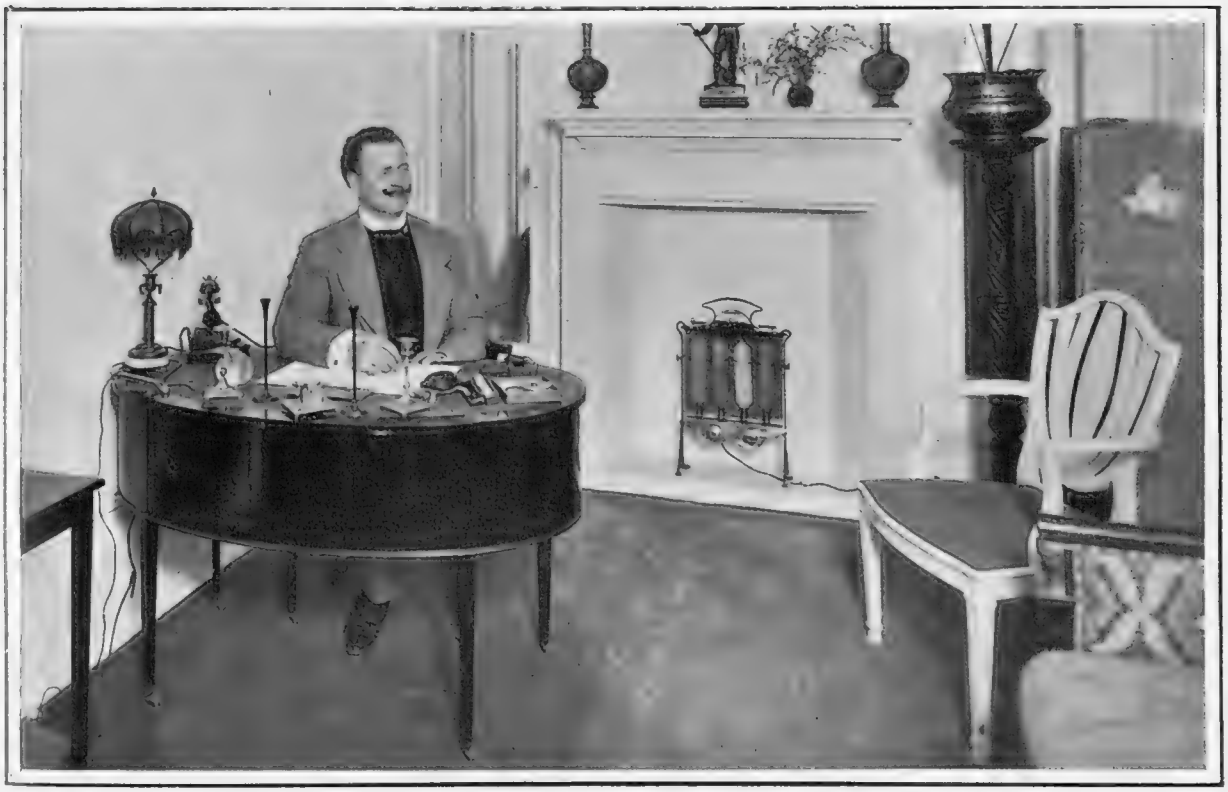
The Floods on the Thames: Eton Boys punting along Meadow Lane, near Windsor

"And the Evening and the Morning were the——th Day"

I always find it rather difficult to enthuse about cricket in December, and particularly about cricket of the modern Test Match variety. I wonder what sort of a shock our ancestors would have felt on seeing an innings of 300 odd described as "a poor total." And yet, under the conditions governing a Test Match, 300 may quite well be so described. "England," we read—by the way, they *will* call it "England" in preference to "The M.C.C."—"made 273 to-day. They will have to do much better than that in their second innings if they want to win, for Australia, in the present state of the wicket, are good for at least 400," and so on. And, probably, this presage turns out to be correct, unless rain alters the state of the pitch. To me, it seems a thousand pities that, in order to eliminate the possibility of a draw, one of the greatest charms of cricket — the fight against time — should be deliberately sacrificed. But apparently the public like it best, and the gate nowadays is almost as big a consideration in cricket as it is in professional football. The joy of cricket nowadays, from the public point of view, lies purely in big scores, averages, and records, and I am quite prepared to find that one of these days people will begin to resent the existence of such an inconvenient element of luck—even more potent at times than the position of the hands of the clock—as the weather, and that some means will be devised for preventing the weather from having any effect upon the course of the game. On the other hand, I am equally prepared to find—and, in fact, there are already indications—that the whole thing is becoming too artificial to be permanently interesting, and that "newspaper" cricket is threatened by a slump which, if it occurs, will prove a blessing in disguise to cricket proper.

Physical Culture

It is not so very long since physical culture was merely a pleasing synonym for a series of somewhat dull and laborious exercises indulged in by those who aimed at abnormal muscular



The "Physiculturalist" in his Office: Mr. Eugene Sandow in his room at 32a, St. James's Street

Mr. Sandow, formerly merely known as a "strong man," has for some years past devoted his attention not so much to the making of the strong man stronger, but to that of making the weak man less weak, and the success of his scientific methods of physical culture have necessitated the opening of a large Institute in St. James's Street, his former School lacking sufficient accommodation

development. And, in accordance with the true saying that what is one man's meat is another man's poison, it often happened that, while those who were naturally strong and sound to start with benefited by these exercises, others, who were neither strong nor sound to start with, did themselves harm—not because physical culture was a mistake in their case, but because they employed the wrong methods.

Its Scientific Application to the Cure of Illness

Curiously enough it is to Mr. Sandow, the strongest of strong men, that the credit mainly belongs of having proved the efficacy of physical culture, properly applied, not merely for the strong but more especially for the weak, and of having thereby raised it to the dignity of a science. He believed that the true value of physical culture lay in its ability not so much to make the strong man stronger as to make the weak man less weak. His "School," which began with ten pupils, has become an "Institute," and of his clients upwards of 80 per cent. may be described as "patients" rather than "pupils." For the aforesaid Institute he has recently obtained new and eminently suitable premises at 32A, St. James's Street, which were formally opened the other day. The presence of a large number of medical men at the opening ceremony afforded a significant proof of the position to which physical culture has attained in the domain of therapeutics.

Fencer Turned Author

M. Jean Joseph-Renaud, France's champion fencer, has turned his hand to writing stories. His volume of gruesome tales, entitled "Le Chercheur de Merveilleux," will shortly be published in Eng'and

Sherry

FALSTAFF.—"A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. First, it conduces to excellent wit; the second property of your excellent sherris is—the warming of the blood."

The old adage, "Good wine needs no bush!" is manifestly true, particularly in regard to Sherry; for it is an established fact that English wine-drinkers to-day emulate the wisdom of their forefathers, who were prone to consider that Amontillado, Nut Brown Oloroso, or choice old Solera Sherry, was an indispensable adjunct to the dinner table.

The Kaiser's Afternoon at Waring's

Waring's has become one of the landmarks of London. It is far more, indeed; it is one of the art institutions. It was, no doubt, the distinction which this famous house has achieved, not only here but also on the Continent, that induced the German Emperor, during his recent stay in London, to spend an afternoon in viewing its treasures of antique and modern decorative art. Such a visit may fitly be described as memorable. It indicated very clearly the Kaiser's artistic tastes and sympathies. For, although this is pre-eminently a business house, it is a business house with a purpose. It is directed by men with ideals; it has a lofty and educational objective. The mission of Waring's is to bring taste and beauty in decoration and furnishing into every home, to popularise fine form and harmonious colour, and to show by practical examples that charm and refinement in decoration are not necessarily a matter of expense.

The Kaiser was probably prepared to see exquisite rooms and sumptuous furniture; he had, doubtless, heard of the two-centuries' repute of Gillow's, of the Waring rooms shown at the Paris and St. Louis Exhibitions, of the great Georgian Gallery with its wealth of bronzes, statuary, Renaissance furniture, tapestries, embroideries, and other antique treasures, of the splendid reproductions of Chippendale and Sheraton furniture made from their original working drawings by the unrivalled craftsmen of Gillow's; but it is questionable if he at all expected to see such a sight as Waring's Model Houses.

These dainty little flats are decorated and furnished throughout at prices to suit beginners in housekeeping whose resources are limited and whose experience is small. With these, especially the lower-priced ones at £200 and £300, the Kaiser seemed more than pleased; while in the former he openly expressed his interest in, and sympathy with, the underlying idea of showing people what can be done for a given amount, and *how* it can be done with artistic taste and propriety. "Yes," he said, "no one can have an excuse for making mistakes in furnishing after such examples as this." It was one of those practical illustrations of "How to do it" such as the Kaiser loves. For although he has a *cognoscenti's* knowledge of art in its higher phases, and is an unrivalled judge of antiques and knows all there is to know about the historical styles and their transitions, yet he is, above all things, practically-minded, and this plan of object-lessons in everyday furnishing evidently had his hearty approval.

In addition to the Model Houses, he was shown a considerable number of specimen rooms, in different styles, and at prices ranging from £20 up to several thousands. Nothing could possibly have given his Majesty a more comprehensive idea of Waring's artistic and productive resources. He saw here the varied and ingenious fruits of a clever set of designers; in the studios, later on, he saw the designers themselves—a body of men whose equals in knowledge, intelligence, fertility of idea, and artistic feeling, it would be impossible to find anywhere.

It may be inferred from many remarks which the Kaiser let fall that he thoroughly enjoyed his inspection of Waring's. It is a somewhat unusual thing for a great potentate to spend an hour and a half in a place of business, but then Waring's is not an ordinary place of business. It is an exhibition of fine things and precious examples as well as a building for the display of everything wanted in the furnishing and equipment of the home. Every visitor sees, as the Kaiser saw, not only decorations for the wealthy and choice *objêts d'art* for the connoisseur, but likewise glass, china, bronzes, table silver, household linen, electrical fittings, and everything that is necessary to supplement the furniture in a house. And in every department the same principle rules—perfect form, refined colouring, and graceful proportion; in short, the guiding laws of decorative art.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PRESENTS.

Messrs. MARSHALL & SNELGROVE are now showing in their Oxford Street and Vere Street Fancy Departments a unique collection of Fancy Articles at extremely moderate prices.

FANS, in Paintings, Sequins, Lace and Ostrich Feather.

Handsome Evening and Opera WRIST-BAGS.

SACHETS, in Embroidered Linen, Satin, and Lace.

A beautiful collection of the new embroidered ribbon work in FRAMES,

FANCY BOXES, etc.

Most Artistic designs in LEATHER GOODS.

FRAMES of every description from 1/- to 5 guineas each.

The newest productions in BRASS GOODS.

AUSTRIAN GLASSWARE, with gold stamped mountings.

A large selection of articles from 6d. upwards suitable for Bazaars and for Charitable purposes.

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET, W.

A VOYAGE TO

The HOLY LAND

EGYPT, GREECE,

SYRIA & ITALY

from MARSEILLES.

By P. & O. Cruising Yacht "VECTIS." 6000 Tons, 6000 H.P.

13th FEBRUARY = to = 11th MARCH.

(Connections from London: By Sea, 7th February; by Rail, 12th February).

Fares and Programme on application.

LONDON to the RIVIERA BY SEA,

via Gibraltar, the Canary Isles, Madeira, Tangier, Algiers, the Balearic Isles & Marseilles.

24th JANUARY, from LONDON connecting with "Vectis" at Gibraltar; or by "Vectis" from Marseilles 25th JANUARY; arriving again at Marseilles 11th FEBRUARY.

Fares from 18 Guineas. **Special Terms to Passengers taking the two Cruises.**

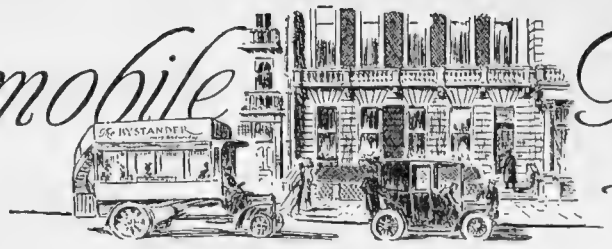
P & O THREE SERVICES WEEKLY to EGYPT. **P & O**

Round-the-World Tours

HAND-BOOKS OF INFORMATION, illustrated, FREE ON DEMAND.

P & O OFFICES NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, 122 LEADENHALL STREET, **LONDON.**

Automobile Topics.



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

A firm of automobile agents in London, by name Shippey Brothers, recently indited a letter to Mr. Harvey du Cros, inviting him to join in a scheme for the purpose of dumping a number of American cars into Great Britain at a considerably less sum than they cost to manufacture. These included 40 h.-p. cars "which we can sell at a price of £350 in case of need," and cars originally listed at £675 to £700, which Messrs. Shippey amiably suggested could be sold on the British market at from 40 to 50 per cent. under value. Mr. Harvey du Cros was approached because Messrs. Shippey Brothers frankly stated that he had a lot of money and the command of capital to any extent. Unfortunately, however, for Messrs. Shippey Brothers they caught a Tartar in Mr. Harvey du Cros. He has published the correspondence between them, and evidently burns with righteous indignation at the thought of being invited to interest himself in foreign cars which are to be dumped on the British market at absurdly low prices.

* * *

Mr. Harvey du Cros's virtuous rectitude in the face of these wicked proposals do him infinite credit. We all know, however, that he has been associated with the sale of foreign motor-cars, of which Panhard and Mercédès are the best known, for many years past. How many thousands of pounds have gone out of this country in payment of foreign cars sold through the firm of du Cros it would be idle to speculate upon, but the total must be very great. Why, then, this outburst of indignation because a firm having a lien on a number of American cars invites Mr. du Cros to join in a deal for the purpose of disposing of the stock at greatly reduced prices over this side of the Atlantic?

Car-icature—No. LIV.: Mr. James Gordon Bennett

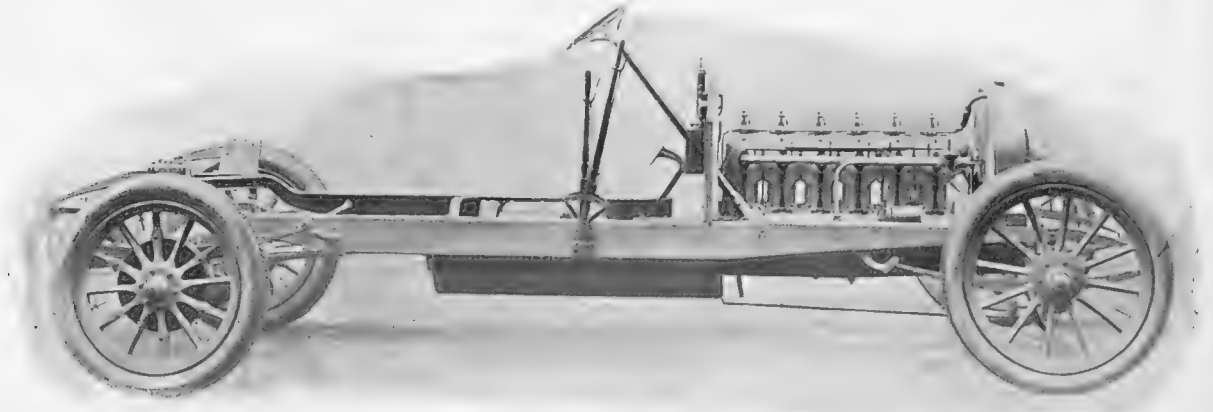
Best known to motorists and the world at large as the donor of the Gordon Bennett Cup. He is the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, and spends much of his time yachting and travelling

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

I am not attempting to defend the principle of "dumping" motor-cars on our shores. The Bystander is not an advocate of any Party political views, and if it were, this column would be an ill-judged position for airing such. At the same time, without touching on controversial matters, I think everyone will agree that the importation of foreign cars into this country duty free has certainly hampered the British automobile trade. The motor manufacturing business in England began late and has suffered from many set-backs on the part of the Government. Had the industry been protected in its infant stages, I doubt if Mr. du Cros and many other gentlemen who represent foreign firms would

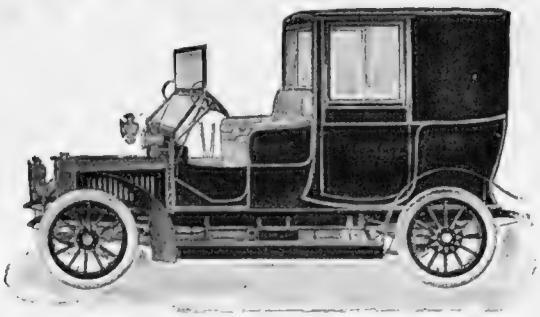
EXCHANGES ARRANGED. Any new car supplied at current prices, with a full allowance for your old car.—Corry Hurford, Ltd., 171, Great Portland Street, W. Telephone: 579 Mayfair. Telegrams: "Hurfordus, London."



The Chassis of the new 24-32 h.-p. six-cylinder Porthos Car

An interesting feature of this car is the position of the carburettor, the induction pipe being warmed by contact with the water-pipe, thus causing a far better explosion

MORGAN



"Morgan" Landaulette Body, on an Adler Chassis, fitted with Cromwell Patent Folding Wind-Screen.

WHEN BUYING A MOTOR-CAR,

it is the truest economy to have the Chassis fitted with a Well-built, Comfortable, Graceful, and Commodious Body. Do not be put off with an unsuitable and badly constructed Body, put together on unscientific lines. The Coachwork of a good Car involves as much consideration as the Engine and Frame.

We submit suggestions and Designs in great variety, and fit our carefully thought-out and durably-built Bodies to the Chassis of **any maker.**

A large and varied selection of New and Secondhand Carriages of latest design ready for immediate delivery.

DRAWINGS AND ESTIMATES WITHOUT CHARGE.

MORGAN & CO., Ltd., Expert Coachbuilders,

Sole British Agents for the renowned ADLER Car, and sole makers of the Cromwell Patent Folding Wind-Screen,

127-130, LONG ACRE, W.C., and 10, OLD BOND STREET, W.

Please apply for our Illustrated Catalogues.

HIRE!

By Special Appointment to H.M. The King.

By Special Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.

DAIMLER

The Daimler Co. have pleasure in announcing that they are inaugurating a hire department on

MODERN AND NOVEL LINES.

Only first-class motor carriages of the latest pattern, indistinguishable from a private carriage, are supplied. Drivers are in smart uniforms. An Information Eureau (routes, tours, shipping, etc.) is attached to the department. For terms and particulars apply at Depots as under.

— THE —

Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.

COVENTRY: Daimler Works.

LONDON: 219-229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

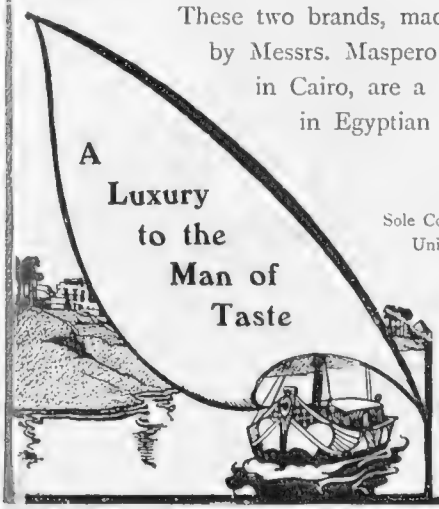
MANCHESTER: 60, Deansgate. NOTTINGHAM: 96-98, Derby Road. BRISTOL: 18, Victoria Street.

Bouton Rouge and Felucca Egyptian Cigarettes

Unique in Quality and Price.

Prices from **6/6** to **10/6** per **100.**

These two brands, made by Messrs. Maspero Frères in Cairo, are a revelation in Egyptian Cigarettes.



A Luxury to the Man of Taste

Sole Consignees for the United Kingdom: BENSON & HEDGES, Ltd., 13, Old Bond Street, London, W.

DRESS SUITS

In the making of a Dress Suit the tailor has to bring into play the very essence of his knowledge as to Shaping, Building, and Fitting—and even more than that. The production of a Perfect Fitting garment is not the only aim; there is something in the set and flow of a perfect suit which, to produce, seems to call for a special Aptitude as well as Tailoring Knowledge.

Mr. Bult has for many years made a speciality of Dress Suits, and has been so successful with their production that many men come to him for that particular garment who are perfectly satisfied with the work of their ordinary tailor in other respects. For this Season's wear Mr. Bult has stocked some excellent materials for Dress Suits, which he supplies, Silk Lined, from **£4 4 0** upwards. Dinner Jacket to match (Silk Lined throughout), from **£2 10 0.**

Patterns and Booklet (Illustrated by Actual Photographs) will be sent Post Free on Application.

John J. M. Bult

140 FENCHURCH ST. LONDON, E.C. Cash Tailor

WES

have been quite so affluent as is now the case. To dump a great many American cars in this country to be realised at sacrifice prices would be a bad thing for the trade, especially at the present moment, but (though two blacks do not make a white) it would be as nothing compared to the enormous sums paid every day for the purchase of foreign cars. I cannot myself see where the difference lies, except it be that in dumping these American cars on the English market unfair competition takes place, which Mr. du Cros resents, as an avowed supporter of Mr. Chamberlain. The motor industry is still in its infancy in this country, and British manufacturers need some protection not only against "dumping" but against the enormous importations of foreign cars, whose makers, without employing British labour, or being of the slightest use to the community, are yet enabled to sell on equal terms to those who do. Whether duties should be placed on articles of food or not is a matter of argument; but I venture to say that even a reasonable Free Trader would admit the wisdom of nursing a new industry, especially when, as in the motor trade, the products cannot be called a necessity.

* * *

What the trade needs most, therefore, is protection against Mr. du Cros and his friends, in spite of that gentleman's widely expressed indignation at having been invited to join in a "dump" scheme. The subject is an interesting one, and I hoped to find some illuminating remarks on it in the motor Press. It is ignored, as, apparently, every subject is by the technical Press, when it is at all of a controversial nature. I would like to ask Mr. Harvey du Cros a final question: Can he ardently support the views of Mr. Chamberlain, and yet consider his a consistent attitude to import and sell a great number of foreign cars?

An Artistic Poster: "The Spirit of Speed"

Poster of the show of imported cars to be held from December 28 to January 4 at the Madison Square Garden. The poster is by Jean Palealogue ("Pal"), the famous French artist

* * *

Car-icature LIV.: Mr. James Gordon Bennett

Mr. "Jim" Gordon Bennett, by offering his famous Cup, did more to bring automobilism home to the man in the street than anything previously. He is now assisting in a similar degree in aerial flight, having presented a Gordon Bennett Cup for airships. Mr. Gordon Bennett, though past the prime of life as generally understood, is a hale and hearty man, and no one would suspect him of his sixty odd years. He spends most of his time on his yacht, and passing from place to place it is surprising how he succeeds in keeping in touch with his own papers. Of course *The New York Herald* in America is where his "pile" comes from, but Mr. Gordon Bennett's pet offspring is his Paris edition of the same paper, and an admirable little journal it is. The subject of our Car-icature is a man of charming personality, and if he were to write his reminiscences he could tell interesting stories about thousands of well-known persons—from Emperors downwards—whom he has met.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Photos *Topical Agency*

Mr. Clifford Earp on his 60 h.-p. "Thames" Racer, on which he recently attacked the 50, 100, 150 miles, 1 and 2 hours' records at Brooklands. Each of these he was successful in beating

NEW YEAR FESTIVITIES

AT THE

GAIETY

RESTAURANT,

STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Patrons can now dine under the

EIFFEL TOWER

erected in the Restaurant.

A most realistic and artistic reproduction over 50 feet high, illuminated and decorated as at the last Paris Exhibition.

Theatre Dinner, 5/-

Or select your own Dinner from Carte du Jour, 7/6 & 10/6.

TABLES SHOULD NOW BE RESERVED TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

SPECIAL FEATURE FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Orchestra, Chorus of 50 Voices, Pipers, Clarions, Bells, Flashlights, Father Christmas, Cupids, Doves, Distribution of Presents, and other novel effects.

Telegrams: "Gaiety Restaurant, London."
Telephones: Central 6606 and 6607.

Manager, G. C. NOBILE.

BRITISH & COLONIAL

DAIMLER-MERCÉDÈS

4 cyl., 35 h.p., £750. Complete with
6 cyl., 50 h.p., £950. phaeton body.

British & Colonial
DAIMLER-MERCÉDÈS
SYNDICATE, Ltd.,
532, Oxford St., London.

You need them.

EVERITT'S SPECIALITIES

FOR THE CORRECT CARE OF THE CLOTHES

Are necessary appointments of the Dressing Room, and their use ensures a keen sense of satisfaction to all who seek and appreciate constant smartness in wearing apparel. The accompanying illustration is a picture of EVERITT'S DRESSING CHEST—the latest acquisition to our specialities. It is designed to afford usefulness without unsightliness. The Chest is made from the finest wood procurable, finished in the most handsome style with best quality fittings. The Trousers Press is fitted on hinges, and stands in an upright position inside top, or mirror, portion of the Chest. The mirror is of the finest bevelled plate glass, set in a door, which, when opened, admits of the Press being pulled out to a horizontal position when required for use. The Chest has ample accommodation for clothes and boots. We stock the Chest ready for immediate delivery in Fumed Oak, but it can be supplied in any wood to order. Our new booklet is beautifully illustrated with pictures of our other specialities, all of which have proved their worth by long use. Drop a line to Department **B2.**

EVERITT PRESS MANUFACTURING CO.,

17, Laurence Pountney Lane, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

At a certain *cause célèbre* the other day, at which I was an interested spectator, I encountered considerable food for modistic reflection. Unconditional surrender on the part of the defendant brought us all down with a quick run from the tiptoe of expectation to complete flatness. But, as a first experience, a certain excitement was reserved for me.

The back view of the plaintiff's head received all the study and inspection it richly deserved. For it was truly a work of art—a bewilderment of coils, and *poufs*, and light tortoise-shell pins and combs. The latter were in such perfect harmony with the hair, one was led to wondering which had been matched to the other. It was the kind of thought likely to be engendered by the environment. The black velvet gown donned for the occasion was in perfect taste, and although of demure aspect, had emanated from a redoubtable West-End establishment which is responsible for some fascinating little turn-down collars of fine embroidered lawn and lace. This seemed to be the sole touch of white permitted the sable scheme, the large black tricorne hat of felt which was worn being swept by one long ostrich feather, the stem held by a great silver tinsel rose.

The Classical Effect Applied to the Teagown

An original design in grey ninon, embroidered with tarnished silver and aluminium in Greek key pattern

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

The Vogue of Velvet

On every side I am hearing of the assured acceptance of beautifully moulded Princesse velvet gowns. One exclusive establishment, not a hundred miles away from Knightsbridge, is making boast of building these practically without any boning. There are, furthermore, significant signs of corduroy velvet finding an early spring favour, arranged either as a whole costume or as a coat to the accompaniment of a cloth skirt. A suggestion for the former that I liked comprised a plain gored walking skirt, closing down the left side of the front a short distance from the waist with military loops and buttons, a continued scheme of decoration from the double-breasted bodice, which was merely cut into a tiny square at the throat, for the display of an embroidered lawn guimpe.

Obviously, the idea is that these velvet costumes will meet the moment when we can dispense with heavy fur wraps and rely on the lighter stole and muff. Although I pause to ask when have we as yet been granted a chance to display the former, those, at least, who are the fortunate possessors of furs in the bulk? From the furriers' point of view, the season, so far, has, in vulgar parlance, been a complete frost. But I was talking about corduroy, and ere leaving the subject I have every pleasure in advancing the claims of the cloth skirt costume, and not necessarily in a neutral tint, for there is promise coming in certain attractive shades of green, purple, and those smart dull shades of red which belong to the aubergine world.

The Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street

It is now some months since I was chatting in these columns on the efficacy of the various emollient lotions and creams provided by the above Company, and now once again I am prepared to come to the fore in an even more exhaustively eulogising spirit, for their admirable skin remedies are gathering roses, roses all the way, and are passing altogether out of the stereotyped *régime* of skin treatment.

Time and wide-spreading personal relief are placing the Cyclax preparations on a plane closely touching the medical: they represent hygiene in the very highest and purest degree, and are daily achieving cures of a most obstinate and long-standing character.

BENGER'S

Benger's Food soothes and invigorates—ensures tranquil days and restful nights.

How to prepare it—

1.—Mix slowly into a smooth paste one tablespoonful of the Food with four tablespoonfuls of cold milk.

2.—Add gradually, as you stir, a breakfast-cupful of boiling milk or milk and water.

3.—Set aside for 15 minutes.
At this point Benger's Food digests as it cools. The longer it stands the further the process of digestion is carried.

4.—Pour into a saucepan and slowly heat, whilst stirring, till it boils. When sufficiently cool it is ready for serving.

Benger's Food is a natural restorative, dainty and delicious, highly nutritive, and the most easily digested of all foods.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

Use

Gosnell's

"Society"

Eau de Cologne

THE *LASTING* PERFUME

Full in strength. Exquisitely rich—surpassingly sweet. Superior to all others. Leaders of Beauty and Fashion call it 'the most perfect of all perfumes.'

For the Toilet

its invigorating and refreshing qualities make it indispensable. In case of fatigue or headache its effect is unrivalled.

2/- 4/- 7/6 15/- ALL CHEMISTS

FREE Sample from Chemists or sent direct for 1d. stamp

John Gosnell & Co., Ld. Blackfriars Road London. S.E.

Gosnell's

"Society"

Eau de Cologne

Rowland's Kalydor

A most Soothing and Refreshing Preparation for the Skin, and makes the

FACE AND NECK

beautifully Soft and White. It effectually disperses Freckles, Redness, Roughness of the Skin; Cures, Soothes, and Heals all Irritation, Cutaneous Eruptions, Spots, &c., renders the

NECK SOFT AND SMOOTH,

and produces a Beautiful, Pure, and Delicate Complexion. Bottles, **2/3** & **4/6**. Of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London. Avoid worthless substitutes, and buy only Rowland's Kalydor.

CHARLES LANCASTER

ESTD. GUNMAKER to 1826
H. M. the KING.
HAMMERLESS EJECTOR GUNS
£63-£45-£35-£26 & £22.
HIGH VELOCITY
"CORDITE" & "AXITE"
SPORTING RIFLES.
THE "ROSS" STRAIGHT PULL
MAGAZINE RIFLES.
"THE COLINDIAN" (Rd.)
A "CORDITE" BALL & SHOT GUN.
CARTRIDGES
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
"CLAY" PIGEONS & TRAPS.
GUN FITTING WITH TRY GUNS
ALSO INSTRUCTION AT
THE NORTH WESTERN
SHOOTING SCHOOL
(Ring up Harlesden 38)
"THE ART OF SHOOTING"
7TH EDITION 2/6 postage 6d. extra
BOOKLET & PRICE LIST FREE.
11, PANTON ST
HAYMARKET,
Opposite Comedy Theatre LONDON S.W.
TELEGRAMS:-OVAL BORE LONDON.
TELEPHONE:-GERRARD 3691.

H.W. Velvet Grip

BOSTON GARTER

Cotton (plain) 1/- pair.
Cotton (check) 1/- pair.
Silk (plain) 2/- pair.
By post, 1d. extra.

LOOK FOR THE PATENT RUBBER BUTTON.

THE ACME OF COMFORT.
THE HEIGHT OF PERFECTION.

WILL NOT TEAR THE SOCKS.

SUMMERS, Glover and Outfitter,
28, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

CHARING-CROSS BANK. Est. 1870.

28, BEDFORD ST., CHARING CROSS, LONDON, and 39, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHIN, LONDON, E.C.
Branches: Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford, &c.
Assets £1,607,949. Liabilities £1,236,871. Surplus £371,078
LOANS of £30 to £2,000 granted at a few hours' notice in Town or Country, on personal security, jewellery, precious stones, stocks, shares, and furniture, without removal.
Stocks and Shares bought and sold.
2½ per cent. allowed on Current account balances.
DEPOSITS of £10 and upwards received as under.
Subject to 3 months' Notice of Withdrawal, 5 p.c. per ann.
" 6 " " " 6 " "
" 12 " " " 7 " "
Special terms for longer periods. Interest paid quarterly.
Owing to the nature of our investments, we are able to pay rates of interest on deposits that will compare favourably with dividends paid on almost any class of stock or share-holding insuring the safety of capital. We have been established for 37 years, and our position in the Banking World to-day, testifies to the success of our business methods and to the satisfaction of our customers. Write or call for Prospectus.
A. WILLIAMS, H. J. TALL, Joint Managers.

The most perfectly equipped school for Motor-Car driving instruction.

Call or Write for Prospectus.

Marine Motoring also taught.

Inspection Invited.

MOTOR SCHOOLS LTD.

10 & 12, HEDDON ST., REGENT STREET, W.

Photo *Manuel*

A Chic French toque of puckered velvet, with immense feathery osprey

At the outset, the provision of advice gratis from the authority controlling the Company—an authority whom, it is not disputed, comes second to none in the land—seemed almost quixotically generous, but realisation of its value has been made abundantly manifest. For this individually organised pharmacopœia is far from being a restricted matter, the various applications running through the finest gradations, the list, furthermore, being constantly augmented, specialised cases demanding entirely fresh combinations. Nor is it ever the object of the Company—and this, to my mind, is a very strong point—merely to sell their preparations for the sake of selling. The object they have set themselves out to accomplish is to effect genuine skin cures, or alleviations, as the case may be. Consequent on a minute study of the subject, the above-quoted authority is able to adjudge to a nicety the cases that will succumb to outward applications and those that exact internal medical attention. Not infrequently an alliance of the two is able materially to hasten a recovery. But all such decisions are absolutely safe—and I am writing with secure knowledge—in the hands of these people.

I have to my hand two booklets, carefully compiled, that successfully aid those at a distance to gather satisfactory general information. But dozens and dozens of letters are answered daily, conscientious individual attention being accorded each client, and by no means the least of the many remarkable recoveries have been conducted through the post.

The title of these two books are, respectively, "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," and "Cyclax Remedies for the Skin." Keen as is my sympathy with the merely superficial desire of my sex to be beautiful, I have deliberately avoided in this slight dissertation the ordinary jargon anent the value of skin treatment, because I feel the Cyclax Co. have struck a deeper root than superficiality, and, fortune has so far favoured them in timing their arrival with a social epoch, that entails much strenuousness of living and, consequently, disastrous effects to the sensitive skin.

Classical Effects Applied to Teagowns

There is a tide in the affairs of dress that points to teagowns, the particular tide being that on which the social woman floats on a course of country-house parties. For these events dress is strictly divided into the hard tailor-made and the soft evening frock, with a particular emphasis in teagowns, the which, however, under latter-day auspices, frequently resolve into the dinner dress *intime*. Our original design is a case in point, this disclosing a picturesque affair of grey ninon, embroidered with tarnished silver and aluminium in a Greek key design. The sleeves follow the favoured Parisian *ailes*, and are eminently well adapted to display to the fullest advantage a beautiful arm.

THE WEEK'S WEATHER, from December 25 to 31

By Hugh Clements

The atmospheric tides about the 25th and 30th will cause very unsettled weather in South France, North Italy, and Southern Austria, and other countries in the same latitude. One tide proceeds North over Great Britain, while another comes South and about midnight on the 27th, or between the 27th and 28th both atmospheric tides will pass over England to the North of London, over the South Midlands, so that the barometer will fall gradually from the 25th, when it will be high until the 27th and 28th, after which it will rise, and be higher at the end of the year.

The weather will be better but colder in North Britain.

The forecast for the week is that it will be fine at the beginning and end, but generally cold.

THE COMING WEEK'S WEATHER.

December 25 to 31

Wed.	Generally overcast and cold.
Thurs.	Overcast till about middle of afternoon; finer afterwards, and variably cloudy till evening; cloudless, with frost, at night; cold.
Fri.	Cloudless in the morning; partially cloudy to overcast, and unsettled, with probably slight shower later; still cold.
Sat.	Partially cloudy to overcast and unsettled; cold.
Sun.	Occasional light showers; windy; not so cold.
Mon.	Generally overcast during the early morning; finer and partially cloudy afterwards; colder
Tues.	Overcast till about middle of afternoon, and finer till near midnight; probably snow showers early morning and late at night.